

A  
*Miscellaneous Collection*

O F

P O E M S,

*Songs and Epigrams.*

---

By several Hands.

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*Publish'd by T. M. GENT.*

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V O L. II.

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*Cum tua non edas, carpis mea Carmina, Læli,  
Carpere vel noli nostra, vel ede tua. Mart.*

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An  
As



TO  
**Sir Godfrey Kneller,**  
 ON HIS  
**PICTURE**  
 OF THE  
**KING.**

---

By Mr. ADDISON.

---

**K**NELLER, with Silence and Surprise,  
 We see *Britannia's MONARCH* rise,  
 A god-like Form, by Thee display'd  
 In all the Force of Light and Shade;  
 And, aw'd by thy delusive Hand,  
 As in the Presence-Chamber stand;

The Magick of thy Art calls forth  
His secret Soul and hidden Worth,  
His Probity and Mildness shows,  
His Care of Friends, and Scorn of Foes:  
In ev'ry Stroke, in ev'ry Line,  
Does some exalted Virtue shine,  
And *Albion's* Happiness we trace  
Thro' all the Features of his Face.

O may I live to hail the Day,  
When the glad Nation shall survey  
Their Sov'reign, thro' his wide Command,  
Passing in Progress o'er the Land!  
Each Heart shall bend, and ev'ry Voice  
In loud applauding Shouts rejoice,  
Whilst All his Gracious Aspect praise,  
And Crowds grow Loyal as they Gaze.

This Image on the Medal plac'd,  
With its Bright Round of Titles grac'd,  
And Stamp'd on *British* Coins shall live;  
To Richest Ores the Value give;  
Or, wrought within the Curious Mould,  
Shape and adorn the Running Gold.

## MISCELLANY POEMS.

5

To bear this Form, the Genial Sun  
Has daily, since his Course begun,  
Rejoic'd the Metal to Refine,  
And Riper'd the *Peruvian Mine*.

Thou, *Kneller*, long with noble Pride  
(The Foremost of thy Art) ha'st vied  
With Nature in a gen'rous Strife,  
And touch'd the Canvas into Life.  
Thy Pencil has, by Monarchs sought,  
From Reign to Reign in Ermine wrought,  
And, in their Robes of State array'd,  
The Kings of half an Age display'd.

Here swarthy *Charles* appears, and there  
His Brother with Dejected Air;  
Triumphant *Nassau* here we find,  
And with him bright *Maria* join'd;  
There, *Anna*, Great as when she sent  
Her Armies thro' the Continent,  
E'er yet her Hero was Disgrac't:  
O may fam'd *B R U N S W I C K* be the last,  
(Tho' Heav'n shou'd with my Wish agree,  
And long preserve thy Art in Thee)  
The Last, the Happiest *British King*,  
Whom Thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!

Wise *Phidias*, thus his Skill to prove,  
Thro' many a God advanc'd to *Jove*,  
And taught the polish'd Rocks to shine  
With Airs and Lineaments Divine ;  
Till *Greece*, amaz'd, and half-afraid,  
Th' Assembled Deities survey'd.

Great *Pan*, who wont to chase the Fair,  
And lov'd the spreading Oak, was there ;  
*Old Saturn* too with up-cast Eyes  
Beheld his Abdicated Skies ;  
And mighty *Mars*, for War renown'd,  
In Adamantine Armour frown'd ;  
By Him the childless Goddess rose,  
*Minerva*, studious to compose  
Her twisted Threads ; the Webb she strung,  
And o'er a Loom of Marble hung :  
*Thetis* the troubled Ocean's Queen,  
Match'd with a Mortal, next was seen  
(Reclining on a Fun'r'al Urn)  
Her short-liv'd Darling Son to Mourn.  
The Last was He, whose Thunder flew  
The *Titian-Race*, a Rebel Crew,  
That from a Hundred Hills, ally'd  
In impious Leagues, their King defy'd.

## MISCELLANY POEMS.

7

This Wonder of the Sculptor's Hand  
Produc'd, his Art was at a stand :  
For who wou'd hope New Fame to raise,  
Or risque his well-establish'd Praise,  
That, his high Genius to approve,  
Had drawn a **GEORGE**, or carv'd a **Jove** !



A 4

TO



T O  
**General Stanhope,**  
 O N  
**Dr. S———ll's TRYAL.**



Here-e'er you fought, the haughty Foes  
 were broke,  
 The Priest more haughty, trembled when  
 you spoke.

Thus Jove th' aspiring Gyants drove to HELL,  
 By Lightning some; some stun'd, by Thunder fell.  
 Blest Spain! whil'st such a Sword protects her Cause,  
 Blest WE! whil'st such a Tongue maintains our Laws.  
 Had you been Consul, when revolted Rome,  
 By Eloquence was snatch'd from threatning Doom;  
 Not Statues only had adorn'd your Fame,  
 But Altars would have born your Glorious Name.  
 Let lesser Merit then in Marble live,  
 Your Glories shall the solid Brass survive;

And

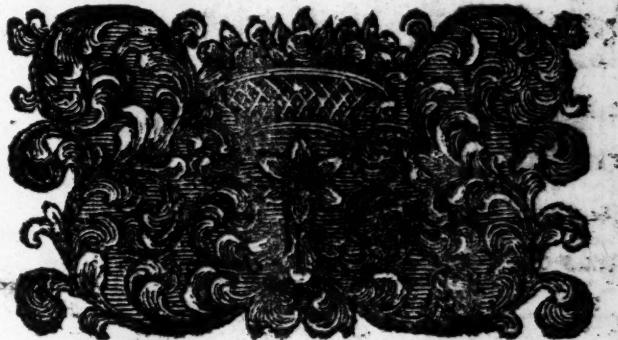
## MISCELLANY POEMS. 9

And the extrekest Ages shall be taught,  
How well for LIBERTY you Spoke and Fought.



### *Upon a WOMAN of the TOWN.*

BEFORE Enjoyment, Lovers cry,  
Of CUPID's fiery Dart they die;  
Yet once possest, the Fair complains,  
No Spark of all the Flame remains.  
The Swain that tries this lovely Dame,  
After Enjoyment finds the Flame.



A S COLIN'S



# *Colin's Complaint.*

## I.

**M**Y Time, O ye Muses, was happily spent,  
 When PHEBE went with me where-ever I  
 went;  
 Ten thousand sweet Pleasures I felt in my  
 Breast;

Sure never fond Shepherd like COLIN was blest!  
 But now she is gone, and has left me behind,  
 What a marvellous Change on a sudden I find?  
 When things were as fine as could possibly be,  
 I thought 'twas the Spring; but, alas! it was she.

## II.

With such a Companion, to tend a few Sheep,  
 To rise up and play, or to lye down and Sleep,

I was

I was so good-humour'd, so chearful and gay,  
My Heart was as light as a Feather all day.  
But now I so cross and so peevish am grown,  
So strangely uneasy as never was known;  
My Fair one is gone, and my Joys are all drown'd;  
And my Heart---I am sure weighs more than a Pound.

## III.

The Fountain that wont to run sweetly along,  
And dance to soft Murmurs, the Pebbles among,  
Thou know'st, little CUPID, if PHEBE was there,  
'Twas Pleasure to look at, 'twas Musick to hear:  
But now she is absent, I walk by its side,  
And, still as it murmurs, do nothing but chide;  
Must you be so chearful, while I go in Pain?  
Peace there with your Bubbling, and hear me complain.

## IV.

When my Lambkins around me would oftentime play,  
And when PHEBE and I were as joyful as they,  
How pleasant the Sporting, how happy the Time,  
When Spring, Love and Beauty were all in their Prime?  
But now in their Frolics, when by me they pass,  
I fling at their Fleeces a handful of Grass;  
Be still then, I cry, for it makes me quite mad,  
To see you so merry, while I am so sad.

## V.

My Dog I was ever well pleased to see  
 Come wagging his Tail to my fair one and me ;  
 And PHEBE was pleas'd too, and to my Dog said,  
*Come bither, poor Fellow* ; and patted his Head ;  
 But now, when he's fawning, I with a sow'r Look,  
*Cry, Sirrah* ; and give him a Blow with my Crook :  
 And I'll give him another ; for why should not *Tray*  
 Be as dull as his Master, when PHEBE's away ?

## VI.

When walking with PHEBE, what Sights have I seen ?  
 How fair was the Flow'r, how fresh was the Green ?  
 What a lovely Appearance the Trees and the Shade,  
 The Corn-Fields and Hedges, and ev'ry Thing made ?  
 But now she has left me, tho' all are still there,  
 They none of 'em now so delightful appear :  
 'Twas nought but the Magick, I find, of her Eyes,  
 Made so many beautiful Prospects arise.

## VII.

Sweet Musick went with us both all the Wood thro',  
 The Lark, Linnet, Throstle, and Nightingale too ;

Winds over us whisper'd, Flocks by us did bleat,  
And chirp went the Grasshopper under our Feet.  
But now she is absent, tho' still they sing on,  
The Woods are but lonely, the Melody's gone :  
Her Voice in the Confort, as now I have found,  
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable sound.

## VIII.

Rose, what is become of thy delicate Hue ?  
And where is the Violet's beautiful Blue ?  
Does ought of its Sweetness the Blossome beguile,  
That Meadow, those Daify's, why do they not smile ?  
Ah ! Rivals, I see what it was that you dreſt,  
And made your ſelves fine for ; a Place in her Breast :  
You put on your Colours to pleaſure her Eye,  
To be pluck'd by her Hand, on her Bosome to die.

## IX.

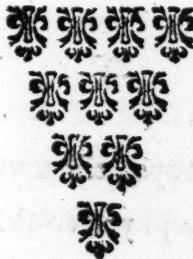
How ſlowly Time creeps, till my PHEBE return ?  
While amidst the soft Zephyrs cool Breezes I burn ;  
Methinks, if I knew whereabouts he would tread,  
I could breathe on his Wings, and 'twould melt down the  
Lead.

Fly ſwifter ye Minutes, bring hither my Dear,  
And reſt ſo much longer for't when ſhe is here.

Ah, COLIN! old TIME is full of Delay,  
Nor will budge one Foot faster for all thou canst say.

## X.

Will no pitying Pow'r, that hears me complain,  
Or cure my Disquiet, or soften my Pain?  
To be cur'd, thou must, COLIN, thy Passion remove,  
But what Swain is so silly to live without Love;  
No, Deity, bid the dear Nymph to return,  
For ne'er was poor Shepherd so sad, so forlorn.  
Ah! what shall I do? I shall die with Despair,  
Take heed, all ye Swains, how ye love one so Fair.



S H U F F



# *SHUFF of Newbury.*

A

## B A L L A D.

---

To the Tune of, *Chevy Chase*.

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I.

**I**N bloody Town of *Newbury*,  
There liv'd and dy'd a Blockhead,  
Of whom, I'm sure, you ne'er had heard,  
If he had not been choaked.

II.

The Ancient Borough call'd him **S H U F F**,  
Of State not very thriving.

*Since*

Since the same Thing which made him die,  
Is that which keeps us living.

## III.

He Custard on a Wager eat,  
And so did cram his Weazand,  
That tho' he put it in, he could  
Not pluck it out out with his Hand.

## IV.

Innocent Meat did fatal prove,  
Eat ready without Knife,  
Down on the Ground he grov'ling fell,  
And Custard strove with Life,

## V.

But as he saw the Enemy,  
Was like to stop his Breath,  
He manfully gave up the Ghost,  
And dying, eat his Death.

## VI.

As Scaevola more Credit got,  
'Cause his bold Hand did miss;

So if thou hadst thy Wager won,  
Thy Credit had been less.

## VII.

Where falls of Empires and of States  
Were told in weekly Volume,  
Unto the Wonder of the World,  
Thou gracest the first Column.

## VIII.

Thy Custard with *Serini's Feats*,  
Does yield, which none can deny,  
Unto the Author fam'd the Gain,  
All *England* o'er, a Penny.

## IX.

Now *Londoners*, O pray beware,  
Eke Alderman and Mayor,  
What Danger may in Capon prove,  
If Custard turn Manslayer.





ON  
*NICOLINI's*  
**Musick-Meeting.**

---

---- *Ridentem dicere verum  
 Quid vetat?*

---



LL hail ye soft mysterious Pow'rs that charm  
 The coldest Breast, and all our Passions  
 warm.

Sweet Thieves! which like Great Nature's  
 Master-Key,  
 Thro' the pleas'd Ear, direct your secret way,  
 Unlock the Heart, and steal our Souls away.

See:

## MISCELLANY POEMS.

19

See at your Call *Obsequious Tories* meet,  
Melt for the CHURCH, and by *Subscription* sweat:  
The dripping Fair, distils from ev'ry Pore,  
*Gods, 'tis too much!* she crys, and I can hear no more,  
How sweet's his Voice, how tender is his Air?  
But, oh! they cost th' Unhappy Youth too dear.  
The gentle Beau, that ever-dying Swain,  
Beats the slow Time, and sighs with pleasing Pain,  
And lisps the tender Accents back again.  
Ev'n the rough Soldier's moy'd, the dusty Field,  
And the big War to softer Pleasures yield;  
Such is the Force of the enchanting Strains,  
Where Cæsar listens, but Grimaldi reigns.

When the fam'd Greek to Native Shoars design'd,  
Had left in Flames unhappy Troy behind,  
T' unbend his Mind the sweetest Syrens fail'd,  
His nobler Arts o'er all their Pow'rs prevail'd;  
Had sweeter Nic. been in the Syren's Place,  
And fond of Conquest shone in ev'ry Grace,  
Th' unguarded Chief had on his Accents hung,  
And fall'n the noblest Triumph of his Song;  
His Eyes no more had seen the Græcian Coast,  
But tristful Pen, had mourn'd her Herø lost.

Mankind destroy'd, to former Vigor sprung,  
From Stones which Pyrrha and Deucalion flung;

Such

Such was the Way, as witty Ovid taught,  
 Strange was the Miracle, and odd the Thought :  
 Tho' Nic. wants PEBBLES for a Work so coarse,  
*His Voice* alone had shewn a nobler Force ;  
 A stranger Species from his Notes had sprung,  
 A tuneful Race, and ready cut for Song,  
 Whose airy Forms had warbled in a Paste,  
 More soft than Man's, and more than Woman's chaste.

Lament ye Beaus, and sigh ye Powder'd Swains,  
 Curse your dull Snuff, and hurl away your Canes ;  
 Tear, tear your Wigs, which could of Conquest boast ;  
 They could, alas ! but now their Empire's lost ;  
 Fair Chloe's Heart a mightier Rival Charms,  
 Cold to the kneeling World, to Him she warms ;  
 Her Nicolini is the moving Theme,  
 He, happy He, who softens ev'ry Dream,  
 Ah the plump, tender Thing, there's Musick in his Name ! }  
 Her once lov'd Poll now mourns his abject Fate,  
 His Noise grows dull, and idle is his Prate ;  
 And Prince, the Darling of her Soul before,  
 Half famish'd, lies neglected on the Floor,  
 Pensive he shakes his Ears, and cocks his Tail no more. }

Ye blooming Nymphs, who warily begin  
 To dread the Censure, but to love the Sin,  
 Who with false Fears, from your Pursuers run,  
 And filthy Nudities in Picture shun ;

From *Scandal* free, this pretty *PLAY-THING* meet,  
 Cool as *May-Dew*, and as its *Butter* sweet,  
 Such is the *YOUTH*, resist him if ye can,  
 This *Foreign Curiosity* of *Man* ;  
 Who gently leaning on the *Fair One's Breast*,  
 May sooth her *Griefs*, and lull her into *Rest*.  
 And should *He*, should *He*, like *her Squirrel*, creep  
 To *her soft Bosome*, when *she's fall'n asleep*,  
 Ev'n then *she's safe*, nor need *she fear Him* more,  
 Than those *kind Aids* which eas'd her *Heart* before.

All hail *Hibernia*, ever brisk and young !  
 Oh Nymph most heav'nly wise, and worthy of my *Song* !  
 Quick to comply with ev'ry Lover's Call,  
 Fond to be *Filted*, and *Enjoy'd* by all ;  
 Proud to submit, and easy to become  
 The *Statesman's Fiddle*, or the *Soldier's Drum* ;  
 Curst with the Fate of ev'ry *Common Whore*,  
 Still to be *wond'rrous Gay*, and *wond'rrous Poor*.

So have I seen in melancholy State,  
 The wretched *Lunatick* lament her *Fate*,  
 Vow that *she's wrong'd*, which all her *Neighbours know* ;  
 Then name the cruel *Authors* of her *Woe* ;  
 Thus whil'st *she raves*, the *merry Fit* returns,  
 Now for the *Park*, or for the *Ring* *she burns* ;  
*Pins*, *Straws*, and *Paint* are on the *Table spread*,  
 And *gawdy Frippery* adorns her *Head* :

Then

Then if she hears a *brisk Crowdero's Strains*,  
 Lightly she bounds from Earth, forgets her Pains,  
 Sings in her Rags, and *dances in her Chains*.



## SONG.

## I.

**C**OME old *TIME*, and use thy Sickle,  
 Life's a Weight I cannot bear;  
 Cares are constant, Fortune fickle,  
 All our Joys but Trifles are.

## II.

Friends are Shadows that deceive us,  
 In our Wants they disappear;  
 The World's too base for Heav'n to give us  
 Any real Blessings here.



CUPID



# *Cupid in Love.*

A

## T A L E.



S CUPID from his cruel Sport  
Return'd, to grace his Mother's Court,  
In Triumph leading bleeding Hearts,  
All over Love, all over Darts;  
He wander'd thro' a Myrtle Shade,  
And saw a lonely, lovely Maid.

No sooner did young Master spy  
The Virgin's soft resplendent Eye,  
Than down his Arms and Hearts he threw,  
And, languishing full in her View,  
'Tis done, he said! see, Mars and Jove,  
See, all ye Gods! see CUPID's Love!

To

To Venus, when at last he came,  
Without his Tackle and his Game;  
Without his Bow, without a Dart;  
Without his own, or any Heart;  
The Goddess cry'd, *Alas, my Son!*  
*Where hast Thou been? What hast Thou done?*  
He sigh'd, and answer'd with a Groan,  
She stole my Hearts, she stole my own.  
The matchless Beauties of her Face,  
The Wonders that her Person grace,  
The Charm in all she does or says,  
Her killing Smiles, her winning Ways  
Her Wit, her Coyness, all agree,  
In spight of Fate, to vanquish me.

Less angry, *Venus*, at her Son,  
Than to find her self out-done;  
Cry'd, *This is Fanny G----d, I know well!*  
Ah, no; Mamma, 'tis *Jenny St----*l.



THE



T H E  
BEST in Christendom.  
A  
T A L E.

MUsing one Day on *This* and *That*,  
And *Thinking* on I know not *What* ;  
A jolly Nymph of *Phœbus* Strain,  
Attack'd me thus in merry Vein.

The Rival Deities of Old,  
A Shepherd chose, (as I am told)  
To whom each Goddess made her Suit,  
And he decided their Dispute;

No Deities your Aid implore,  
But Nymphs, in Number, three times four:  
(Nymphs full as sprightly and as good,  
As e'er were made of Flesh and Blood,  
Who now are sporting on the Plain,)  
Have chose Thee *Umpire*, happy Swain!  
Here, read these Words —— and quickly tell,  
Thou, who, in Wisdom, dost excel;  
Relate, nor think me troublesome,  
What means the — BEST in CHRISTENDOM?

She Smil'd, she blush'd, and with a Grace,  
Hung down her Head, and veil'd her Face.

From various Things, said I, arise  
Variety of Qualities:  
*This* fires the Soul, and *That* the Blood,  
Mysterious some, some understood.  
But, ah! how wide my Task, and far is  
From what was giv'n to Shepherd *Paris*?  
Naked he view'd the heav'ly Fair,  
And did not slip one single Hair:  
So curious in Examination,  
No Part escap'd his Penetration.  
But since my Judgment is requir'd,  
I'll speak —— for now I am inspir'd,

The

## MISCELLANY POEMS.

27

The Nymphs so sprightly, blithe and gay,

Shall change their Notes another Way.

The BEST must something be *Divine*,

And sure that same THING must be Thine.

If so, says she, with swelling Veins,

Then, prithee, take it for thy Pains.



B 2

SWEET



SWEET

# *William's Farewel,*

T O

## *Black-Ey'd Susan.*

A

# B A L L A D.

---

By Mr. GAY.

---



LL in the *Downs*, the Fleet was Moor'd,  
 The Streamers waving in the Wind,  
 When Black-Ey'd *Susan* came Aboard,  
 Oh! where shall I my true Love find?  
 Tell me, ye Jovial Sailors, tell me true,  
 If my Sweet *William* fails among the Crew.

II. *William,*

## II.

*William*, who high upon the Yard,

Rock'd with the Billows to and fro,  
Soon as her well-known Voice he heard,

He sigh'd, and cast his Eyes below:  
The Cord slides swiftly thro' his glowing Hands,  
And quick as Lightning, on the Deck he stands.

## III.

So the sweet Lark high-pois'd in Air,

Shuts close his Pinions to his Breast;  
(If 'chance his Mate's shrill Call he hear)

And drops at once into her Nest.  
The noblest Captain in the *British Fleet*,

Might envy *William's* Lips those Kisses sweet.

## IV.

O Susan, Susan, lovely Dear,

My Vows shall ever true remain,  
Let me kiss off that falling Tear,

We only part to meet again.  
Change, as ye list, ye Winds; my Heart shall see  
The faithful Compass that still points to Thee.

## V.

Believe not what the Land-Men say,  
 Who tempt with Doubts thy constant Mind;  
 They'll tell thee, Sailors, when away,  
 In ev'ry Port a Mistress find.  
 Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
 For thou art present, wheresoe'er I go.

## VI.

If to fair India's Coast I sail,  
 Thy Eyes are seen in Diamonds bright;  
 Thy Breath is Africk's Spicy Gale,  
 Thy Skin is Ivory, so white.  
 Thus ev'ry beauteous Object that I view,  
 Wakes in my Soul some Charm of lovely Sue.

## VII.

Tho' Battal calls me from thy Arms,  
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
 Tho' Cannons roar, yet safe from Harms,  
 William shall to his Dear return.  
 Love turns aside the Balls that round me fly,  
 Lest precious Tears should drop from Susan's Eye.

## VIII. The

## VIII.

The Boatswain gave the dreadful Word,  
The Sails their swelling Bosome spread,  
No longer must she stay Aboard,  
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his Head.  
Her less'ning Boat, unwilling, rows to Land;  
~~A~~lieu, she crys, and way'd her Lilly-Hand.





ON  
F L O R I N D A,

Seen whilst She was Bathing.

WAS Summer, and the clear resplendent  
Moon,  
Shedding far o'er the Plains her full-orb'd  
Light,

Among the lesser Stars distinctly Shone,  
Despoiling of its Gloom the scanty Night,  
When walking forth, a lonely Path I took,  
Nigh the fair Border of a purling Brook.

Sweet and refreshing was the Midnight Air,  
Whose gentle Motions husht the silent Grove ;  
Silent, unless when prick'd with wakeful Care,  
*Philomel* warbled out her Tale of Love :

While

While blooming Flow'rs, which in the Meadows grew,  
O'er all the Place their blended Odours threw.

Just by, the limpid River's Chrystal Wave,  
Its Eddies gilt with *Phæbe's* Silver Ray,  
Still as it flow'd a glitt'ring Lustre gave,  
With glancing Gleams that emulate the Day;  
Yet, Oh! not half so bright as those that rise,  
Where young *Florinda* turns her smiling Eyes.

Whatever pleasing Views my Senses meet,  
Her intermingled Charms improve the Theme;  
The warbling Birds, the Flow'rs that breathe so sweet,  
And the soft Surface of the dimpled Stream,  
Resembling in the Nymph some lovely Part,  
With Pleasures more exalted seize my Heart.

Wrapt in these Thoughts I negligently rov'd,  
Imagin'd Transports all my Soul employ;  
When the delightful Voice of her I lov'd,  
Sent thro the Shades a Sound of real Joy;  
Confus'd it came, with giggling Laughter mixt,  
And Echo from the Banks reply'd betwixt.

Inspir'd with Hope, upborn with light Desire,  
To the dear Place my ready Footsteps tend,  
Quick, as when kindling Trails of active Fire  
Up to their native Firmament ascend;

There shrouded in the Briars unseen I stood,  
And thro' the Leaves survey'd the neighb'ring Flood.

*Florinda*, with two Sister-Nymphs, unrest,  
Within the Channel of the cooly Tide,  
By bathing sought to sooth her Virgin-Breast,  
Nor could the Night her dazzling Beauties hide,  
Her Features, glowing with eternal Bloom,  
Darted, like *Hesper*, thro' the dusky Gloom.

Her Hair bound backward in a Spiral Wreath,  
Her upper Beauties to my Sight betray'd,  
The happy Stream, concealing those beneath,  
Around her Waste with circling Waters play'd;  
Who, while the Fair One on his Bosome sported,  
Her dainty Limbs with liquid Kisses ~~sported~~<sup>cool</sup>.

A thousand CUPIDS with their Infant-Arms,  
Swam paddling in the Current here and there;  
Some, with Smiles innocent, remark'd the Charms  
Of the regardless undesigning Fair;  
Some, with their little Eben-Bows full bended,  
And levell'd Shafts the naked Girl defended.

Her Eyes, her Lips, her Breasts exactly round,  
Of Lilly-Hue, unnumber'd Arrows sent;  
Which, to my Heart, an easy Passage found,  
Thrill'd in my Bones, and thro' my Marrow went:

Some

Some bubbling upward thro' the Water came,  
Prepar'd by Fancy to augment my Flame.

Ah, Love! how ill I bore thy pleasing Pain!  
For while the tempting Scene so near I view'd,  
A fierce Impatience throb'd in ev'ry Vein,  
Discretion fled, and Reason lay subdu'd;  
My Blood beat high, and with its trembling made  
A strange Commotion in the rustling Shade.

Fear seiz'd the tim'rous *Naiads*, all agast  
Their boding Spirits at the Omen sink,  
Their Eyes they wildly on each other cast,  
And meditate again the further Brink;  
When in I plung'd, resolving to asswage  
In the cool Gulph, Love's importuning Rage.

Ah, stay *Florinda*! (so I meant to speak)  
Let not from Love the lovely'st Object fly!  
But e'er I spoke, a loud combining Squeak  
From shrilling Voices pierc'd the distant Sky:  
When strait, as each was their peculiar Care,  
Th' immortal Pow'rs to bring Relief prepare.

A Golden Cloud descended from Above,  
Like that which whilome hung on *Ida's* Brow,  
Where *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,  
As then to *Paris*, were conspicuous now.

Each Goddess seiz'd her fav'rite Charge, and threw  
Around her Limbs a Robe of Azure Hue.

But *Venus*, who with Pity saw my Flame,  
Kindled by her own *Amoret* so bright,  
Approv'd in private what she seem'd to blame,  
And bless'd me with a Vision of Delight:  
Careless she dropt *Florinda's* Veil aside,  
That nothing might her choicest Beauties hide.

I saw *Elyzium*, and the Milky Way,  
Fair op'ning to the Shades beneath her Breast;  
In *Venu's* Lap the struggling wanton lay,  
And, while she strove to hide, reveal'd the rest:  
A Mole, embrown'd with no unseemly Grace,  
Grew near, embellishing the charming Place:

So pleas'd, I view'd, as one fatigu'd with Heat,  
Who near at Hand beholds a shady Bow'r,  
Joyful, in Hope amidst this kind Retreat,  
To shun the Day-Star in his Noon-tide Hour;  
Or as when parch'd with droughty Thirst he spies  
A Mossy Grott whence purest Waters rise.

So I *Florinda* —— but beheld in vain:  
Like *Tantalus*, who in the Realms below  
Sees blushing Fruits, which, to encrease his Pain,  
When he attempts to eat, his Taste forego,

O Venus! give me more, or let me drink  
Of Lethe's Fountain, and forget to think.



## S O N G.

### I.

A Lovely Nymph in pensive Mood  
Did privately retire,  
To sooth her Griefs, a distant Wood  
She thought, which by a Riv'let stood,  
Would softest Thoughts inspire.

### II.

She sigh'd, and pull'd her Snuff-Box out;  
Then sigh'd, and Snuff'd again,  
And looking watchfully about,  
Lest any treach'rous lurking Scout  
Was nigh, thus sung her Pain.

### III. Ye

## III.

Ye gloomy Shades, and purling Streams,  
Ah! why must I endure  
Alone those tort'ring dull Extremes  
Of fruitless Fancies, empty Dreams,  
Which teaze, but never cure?

## IV.

Give me, she cry'd —— when streight a Swain,  
One Pinch of Snuff reply'd,  
And in return I'll give again,  
That you no longer shall complain,  
You ne'er were satisfy'd.

## V.

She started while her Box he seiz'd,  
And Op'd with Might and Main,  
Then Snuff'd, and Snuff'd, till both were pleas'd,  
The Swain regal'd, the Nymph was eas'd.  
Of all her Grief and Pain,

I M I T A



IMITATION  
OF  
HORACE,  
BOOK I. Ode 19.

---

*Mater Sæva Cupidinum.*

---

H E cruel Mother of Desire,  
With sprightly Wine, and wanton Ease,  
Bids th' extinguish'd Flame respire,  
And all my Soul with wonted Fury seize.

Celia, I burn, my Heart obeys  
The Summons of so bright a Face,  
Thro' whose transparent Skin, the Veins  
Shew finer than the polish'd Marbles Stains:

So sweetly coy ! Love's eager Fire  
Repell'd, does with more Rage aspire,  
Enkindled at a Face so bright,  
It dazles the enamour'd Sight.

She comes ! she comes ! she leaves her Cyprian Plains,  
And all the Goddess rushes in my Veins ;  
No more of vanquish'd Gauls I sing,  
And hardy Britons fierce in Fight,  
My Pen is pluck'd from CUPID's Wing,  
And, Love, and only Love will write.

Some Vervain bring, and Myrtle here,  
To Venus I'll an Altar rear ;  
Incense and Wine, my Boys, prepare,  
I'll Sacrifice and get the Fair.





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TO HIS

## FRIEND

Inclin'd to

## MARRY.



Would not have you, *Strephon*, chuse a Mate,  
From too exalted, or too mean a State:  
For in both these, we may expect to find  
A creeping Spirit, or a haughty Mind.

Who moves within the middle Region, shares  
The least Disquiets, and the smallest Cares.  
Let her Extraction with true Lustre shine,  
If something brighter, not too bright for thine.  
Her Education liberal, not great,  
Neither inferior, nor above her State.

Let

Let her have Wit, but let that Wit be free  
From Affectation, Pride, and Pedantry :

For the Effect of Woman's Wit is such,  
Too little is as dang'rous, as too much.

But chiefly let her Humours close with thine,  
Unless where your's does to a Fault incline.

The least Disparity in this destroys,  
Like Sulph'rous Blasts, the very Buds of Joys.  
Her Person amiable, strait, and free  
From natural, or chance Deformity.

Let not her Years exceed, if equal thine,  
For Women past their Vigour soon decline ;  
Her Fortune competent, and if thy Sight  
Can reach so far, take care 'tis gather'd Right.  
If thine's enough, then her's may be the less,  
Do not aspire to Riches in Excess.

For that which makes our Love delightful prove,  
Is a genteel Sufficiency, and Love.





On Playing at Shuttlecock with a LADY,  
on Valentine's Day.

T Was on that Morn, whose genial Ray  
Invites the feather'd Race to play,  
When each sweet Warbler of the Air  
Takes out his Partner for the Year.  
To Groves in faithful Pairs they wing,  
And wake with Melody the Spring:  
Auspicious Day, said I, inspire  
My Fair One with an equal Fire.

Then drest, I to Pulcheria flew  
As swift and blith, ye Birds, as you;  
We sat and laugh'd, and sip'd Bohea,  
For what's the Morn without its Tea?  
Then took the Battle-dores and play'd,  
CUPID, and I, against the Maid;  
I snatch'd the Feather'd Cork, and threw,  
Now, CUPID, now, if ever do,  
Turn me this Cork into a Dart,  
I cry'd, and aim'd it at her Heart;

The Archer smil'd to find that she  
Return'd the Cork as fast as we :  
Five Hundred Times in rage we try'd  
To fix the Arrow in her Side,  
As many Times the Dart repell'd,  
Declar'd 'twas hard to win the Field.

And is it so? the God replys.  
But what if we should blind her Eyes?  
We'll do't, he cry'd, and strait he threw  
A hazy Mist before her View,  
Upon her Neck the Arrow fell,  
I saw her lovely Bosome swell.





A N  
E P I S T L E  
F R O M A  
Lady in *England*,  
T O A  
Gentleman at *Avignon*.

---

By Mr. TICKELL.

---



O Thee, dear Rover, and thy vanquish'd  
Friends,  
The Health, she wants, thy gentle **CHLOE**  
sends:  
Tho' much You suffer, think I suffer more.  
Worse than an Exile on my Native Shore.

Companions

Companions in your Master's Fight you roame,  
 Unenvy'd by your haughty Foes at home ;  
 For-ever near the Royal Outlaw's side  
 You share his Fortunes, and his Hopes divide,  
 On glorious Schemes, and Thoughts of Empire dwell,  
 And with Imaginary Titles swell.

Say (for thou know'st I own his sacred Line,  
 The Passive Doctrine, and the Right Divine)  
 Say, what new Succours do's the Chief prepare ?  
 The Strength of Armies ? Or the Force of Pray'r ?  
 Do's he from Heav'n or Earth his Hopes derive ?  
 From Saints Departed ? Or from Priests Alive ?  
 Nor Saints nor Priests can Brunswick's Troops withstand,  
 And Beads drop useless thro' the Zealot's Hand ;  
 Heav'n to our Vows may Future Kingdoms owe,  
 But Skill and Courage win the Crowns below.

E're to thy Cause, and Thee, my Heart inclin'd,  
 Or Love to Party had seduc'd my Mind,  
 In Female Joys I took a dull Delight,  
 Slept all the Morn, and Punted half the Night :  
 But now, with Fears and publick Cares possest,  
 The Church, the Church, for-ever breaks my Rest.  
 The Post-Boy on my Pillow I explore,  
 And sift the News of ev'ry Foreign Shore,  
 Studious to find new Friends, and new Allies ;  
 What Armies march from Sueden in Disguise ;

How

How Spain prepares her Banners to unfold,  
And Rome deals out her Blessings, and her Gold:  
Then o'er the Map my Finger, taught to stray,  
Cross many a Region marks the winding Way;  
From Sea to Sea, from Realm to Realm I rove,  
And grow a mere Geographer by Love.  
But still *Avignon*, and the pleasing Coast  
That holds Thee banish'd, claims my Care the most;  
Oft on the well-known Spot I fix my Eyes,  
And Span the Distance that between us lies.

Let not our *James*, tho' foil'd in Arms, Despair,  
Whilst on his Side he reckons half the Fair:  
In Britain's lovely Isle a shining Throng  
War in his Cause, a thousand Beauties strong.  
Th' unthinking Victors vainly boast their Pow'r's;  
Be Theirs the Musquet, while the Tongue is Ours.  
We Reason with such Fluency and Fire,  
The Beaux we baffle, and the Learned tire;  
Against her Prelates plead the Church's Cause,  
And from our Judges vindicate the Laws.  
Then mourn not, hapless Prince, thy Kingdoms lost,  
A Crown, tho' late, thy sacred Brow may boast;  
Heav'n seems thro' Us thy Empire to decree,  
Those who win Hearts, have giv'n their Hearts to Thee.

Hast thou not heard that, when profusely gay  
Our well-drest Rivals grac'd their Sov'reign's Day,

We

We stubborn Damsels met the publick View  
In loathsome Wormwood, and repenting Rue?  
What Whig but trembled, when our spotless Band  
In Virgin Roses whiten'd half the Land!  
Who can forget what Fears the Foe possest,  
When Oaken Boughs mark'd ev'ry loyal Breast!  
Less scar'd near *Medway's* Stream the *Norman* stood,  
When cross the Plain he spy'd a marching Wood,  
'Till, near at hand, a Gleam of Swords betray'd  
The Youth of *Kent* beneath it's wand'ring Shade.

Those, who the Succours of the Fair despise,  
May find that we have Nails as well as Eyes.  
Thy Female Bands, O Prince! by Fortune crost,  
At least more Courage than thy Men may boast:  
Our Sex has dar'd the Mug-House Chiefs to meet,  
And purchas'd Fame in many a well-fought Street.  
From *Drury-Lane*, the Region of Renown,  
The Land of Love, the *Paphos* of the Town,  
Fair Patriots sallying, oft have put to Flight,  
With all their Poles, the Guardians of the Night,  
And bore, with Screams of Triumph, to their Side  
The Leader's Staff in all its painted Pride.  
Nor fears the Hawker in her warbling Note,  
To vend the discontented Statesman's Thought.  
Tho' red with Stripes, and recent from the Thong,  
Sore smitten for the Love of sacred Song,

The tuneful Sisters still pursue their Trade,  
Like *Philomela* darkling in the Shade.  
Poor *Trott* attends, forgetful of a Fare,  
And Hums in Concert o'er his Empty Chair.

Mean while, regardless of the Royal Cause,  
His Sword for *James* no Brother Sov'raign di...  
The Pope himself, surrounded with Alarms,  
To *France* his Bulls, to *Corfu* sends his Arms;  
And tho' He hears his Darling Son's Complaint,  
Can hardly spare one Tutelary Saint,  
But lists them all to guard his own Abodes,  
And into Ready Money coyns his Gods.  
The dauntless *Suede* pursu'd by vengeful Foes,  
Scarce keeps his own Hereditary Snows;  
Nor must the friendly Roof of kind *Lorrain*,  
With Feasts regale our Garter'd Youth again:  
Safe, *Bar-le-duc*, within thy silent Grove,  
The Pheasant now may perch, the Hare may rove:  
The Knight, who aims unerring from afar,  
Th' Advent'rous Knight, now quits the Sylvan War:  
Thy brinded Boars may slumber undismay'd,  
Or grunt secure beneath the Chesnut-Shade.  
Inconstant *Orleans* (still we mourn the Day  
That trusted *Orleans* with Imperial Sway)  
Far o'er the *Alps* our helpless Monarch sends,  
Far from the Call of his desponding Friends.

Such are the Terms to gain *Britannia's Grace!*  
And such the Terrors of the *Brunswick Race!*

Was it for this the Sun's whole Lustre fail'd,  
And sudden Midnight o'er the Noon prevail'd!  
For this did Heav'n display to Mortal Eyes  
Aërial Knights and Combates in the Skies!  
Was it for this *Northumbrian Streams* look'd Red?  
And *Thames* driv'n backward show'd his Secret Bed!  
False Auguries! th' insulting Victor's Scorn!  
Ev'n our own Prodigies against us turn!  
O Portents constru'd on our Side in vain!  
Let never Tory trust Eclipse again!  
Run clear, ye Fountains! be at Peace ye Skies!  
And, *Thames*, henceforth to thy green Borders rise!

To *Rome* then must the Royal Wand'rer go,  
And fall a Suppliant at the Papal Toe?  
His Life in Sloth inglorious must he wear,  
One half in Luxury, and one in Pray'r?  
His Mind perhaps at length debauch'd with Ease,  
The proffer'd Purple and the Hat may please.  
Shall He, whose Ancient Patriarchal Race  
To mighty *Nimrod* in One Line we trace,  
In solemn Conclave sit, devoid of Thought,  
And poll for Points of Faith his Trusty Vote!  
Be summon'd to his Stall in Time of Need,  
And with his casting Suffrage fix a Creed!

Shall

Shall He in Robes on stated Days appear,  
And *English Hereticks* curse once a Year!  
*Garnet* and *Faux* shall He with Pray'rs invoke,  
And beg that *Smithfield* Piles once more may smoke!  
Forbid it Heav'n! my Soul, to Fury wrought,  
Turns almost *Hannoverian* at the Thought.

From *James* and *Rome* I feel my Heart decline,  
And fear, O *Brunswick*, 'twill be wholly Thine;  
Yet still his Share thy Rival will contest,  
And still the Double Claim divides my Breast,  
The Fate of *James* with pitying Eyes I view,  
And wish my Homage were not *Brunswick's* Due:  
To *James* my Passions and my Weakness guide,  
But Reason sways me to the Victor's Side.  
Tho' griev'd I speak it, let the Truth appear;  
(You know my Language, and my Heart, sincere.)  
In vain did Falshood his fair Fame disgrace;  
What force had Falshood, when he show'd his Face!  
In vain to War our boastful Clans were led;  
Heaps driv'n on Heaps, in the dire Shock they fled:  
*France* shuns his Wrath, nor raises to our Shame  
A second *Dunkirk* in another Name:  
In *Britain's* Funds their Wealth all *Europe* throws,  
And up the *Thames* the World's Abundance flows:  
Spite of feign'd Fears, and artificial Cries,  
The Pious Town sees Fifty Churches rise:

The Hero triumphs as his Worth is known,  
And sits more firmly on his shaken Throne.

To my sad Thought no Beam of Hope appears  
Through the long Prospect of succeeding Years.  
The Son, aspiring to his Father's Fame,  
Shows all his Sire: Another and the Same.  
He, blest in lovely *Carolina's Arms*,  
To future Ages propagates Her Charms:  
With Pain and Joy at strife, I often trace  
The mingled Parents in each Daughter's Face,  
Half sick'ning at the Sight, too well I spie  
The Father's Spirit thro' the Mother's Eye:  
In vain new Thoughts of Rage I entertain,  
And strive to Hate their Innocence in vain.

O Princess! happy by thy Foes confest!  
Blest in thy Husband! in thy Children blest!  
As They from Thee, from Them New Beauties born,  
While *Europe* lasts, shall *Europe's Thrones* adorn.  
Transplanted to each Court, in times to come,  
Thy Smile Celestial and un-fading Bloom  
Great *Austria's Sons* with softer Lines shall grace,  
And smooth the Frowns of *Bourbon's haughty Race*,  
The fair Descendents of thy sacred Bed  
Wide-branching o'er the Western World shall spread,  
Like the fam'd *Banian Tree*, whose pliant Shoot  
To Earthward bending of it's self takes Root,

Till, like their Mother Plant, ten thousand stand  
In verdant Arches on the fertile Land ;  
Beneath her Shade the tawny *Indians* rove,  
Or hunt at large thro' the wide echoing Grove.

O Thou, to whom these mournful Lines I send,  
My promis'd Husband, and my dearest Friend ;  
Since Heav'n appoints this favour'd Race to reign,  
And Blood has drench'd the *Scottish* Fields in vain ;  
Must I be wretched, and thy Flight partake ?  
Or wilt not Thou, for thy lov'd *Chloe's* sake,  
Tir'd out at length, submit to Fate's Decree ?  
If not to *Brunswick*, O return to Me ?  
Prostrate before the Victor's Mercy bend :  
What spares whole Thousands, may to Thee extend.  
Should blinded Friends thy doubtful Conduct blame,  
Great *Brunswick's* Virtues will secure thy Fame :  
Say, these invite thee to approach his Throne,  
And own the Monarch, Heav'n vouchsafes to own.  
The World, convinc'd, thy Reasons will approve,  
Say this to Them ; but swear to Me 'twas Love.





A

# DESCRIPTION.

In Imitation of *MILTON*.

Humbly Inscrib'd to the late Translator of  
*Virgil*.

---

*Tantum de medio sumptis accedit honoris. Hor.*

---



F Man's important Bus'ness, and his Work  
Of Nature, late and early, ev'ry Day,  
Sing, my Pierian Muse; in Numbers sweet  
As is my Subject, voiding all thy Wit  
Uncostive, flowing forth in happiest Strains.

The Swain surcharg'd with plentiful Repast,  
Or rural Banquet, or domestick Meal,

(Whether

(Whether at Morn, when *Turkish Berry* adust  
(Fell Enemy to Sleep, and Cause of Spleen)  
Or *Indian Leaf* suffus'd, with Fragrance bland  
Comforts the Maw, or solid Oat-meal-Food,  
Hight hasty Pudding-----  
Which heats the Blood of *Caledonian Swains*,  
And warms the *North*; Or roast and boil'd at Noon;  
Or well sawc'd Herbage with cold Lamb at Ev'n)  
Full Fraught retires. To House uprais'd on Mount  
He hies, vile Eminence, convenient Site  
For Work unsav'ry, or to Garden side,  
Where Breath of *May* and Odoriferous Flow'rs  
Do qualify with Sweets th' offensive Scent:  
Or where cool Rivulet with limpid Stream,  
Running fast by, precipitates the Filth,  
Purging the Dome: *Alcides* so of old  
Th' *Augæan Stable* rinc'd; thither repairs  
The loaded Swain incontinent, to pay  
Tribute of Ordure to the Gods of Earth,  
Brethren of *Molock*. Not the *Eastern Shrine*  
Frequented more in *Arabie* the bles'd,  
Where uplift Prophet, dubious, hangs in Air,  
The Strife of Magnets. In the Dome appears  
A Graduated Seat, for infant Bum  
Or veterean, built of Tree, *Norwegian Spoil*,  
Or such as *Dantzick* yields, the Prince of Woods.  
Here triple Hole discovers hollow Womb  
Of Earth, dreadful to Sight, abhor'd to Smell.

Up, from the putid Dungeon Fumes ingrate  
Ascending, hurt the Sense. Careful to ken,  
Lest hapless he may light on foul Remains  
Of dirty Clown, with Galligaskins loos'd,  
(Oft fatal to the Purse, or Watch in Fob,  
Which well rewards Goldfinders filthy Toil,)  
Bending Oblique, his Postern he applies  
To perforated Board, as erst were wont  
*Apollo's* Votaries to submit their Ear  
To Delphick Tripod, and receive Response  
From Pagan Shrine; So here from end reverse,  
Sounds are immitted, to invoke the Sprites  
Of Darkness, and alarm the Powers of Night.  
And now the Swain at ease, compos'd to vent  
Embowell'd Food, from Nature's secret Stores  
Discharges plenteously of every kind;  
Corn, Fish, and Fowl, and Wine of various Taste  
*Cæcubian* or *Falern*. What Earth, Sea, Air affords  
(Vile Refuse of concocted Aliment)  
With bountiful Effusion is bestow'd:  
Bursting it flies, convey'd by force of Wind,  
And tremulous Noise, sent downwards all at once,  
With horrid Violence, like *Aetna's* wild  
Irruption, and the fall of craggy Rocks  
Inwards on Mount *Vesuvius*, or *Nile*  
Spewring with all his Mouths into the Sea,  
Or sulphurous Vapours, kindl'd in the Air  
With Nitre, Conflict of Elements; So roars

The darksome Cell, with repercussive Sound  
Of postern Gun dislodged, which reports  
Afar, and echoes from the vast Abyss.  
Thus he, thrice happy, in luxuriant Stools  
Voids the successive Gatherings of his Meals,  
As when a Bee with balmy Juice replete,  
And liquid Spoils of Gardens, taken short,  
Flies hastily to waxen privy House,  
In Hive, or hollow'd Oak, or Chimney top,  
(Besmear'd with Soot, of Taste contrariant)  
Or ruinous Wall; and laxative, refuds  
(Sweet Voidance) all the Bev'rage of the Day.  
Such Blessings Heaven ever has deny'd  
To sinful Mortals, when astringent Food,  
Or Body-binding Claret barrs the Port,  
Painful Coercion, Cause of Inward Heats,  
And fierce Distortions of Face and Trunk,  
The Gods vouchsafe me gentle Stools and Ale!  
Mean time a soft Absterseive is prepar'd,  
By Foliage of Fields or Books supply'd,  
Of verdurous Plant, cool Herb, or pliant Dock,  
Delusive if unfolded; or Trefoyl,  
IERNÉ's vegetable Pride; or Hay,  
Fodder of Man and Beast; or above all  
Love-labour'd Sonnet; or some senseless Rhime  
On the disdainful Nymph; or poor Conceit  
Of poultry Scribter, starved as himself,  
Be it in Verse or Prose; or smart Lampoon

On Church and State; All read with profit here:  
Or Dutch-Man's Commentary, long and dull;  
Or venomous Work of Critick, or Divine  
Polemick; nor might Jove himself disdain  
B——'s foul Paper at Celestial Stools.  
These straw the Place, and fill the mural Voids,  
And claim the fundamental Office to wipe Bum.  
Wonderful Bum! Subject of Modern \* Wit  
And hidden Cause, for to thy secret Pow'r  
And kindly Operations, Nature owes  
Motions of Wit and Mirth and joyous Thoughts.  
When thou art open, Fancy flows apace;  
But when retentive, Merriment's entranc'd  
In Spleen, and lies in clouded Brain  
Incarcerated; Medicinal † Wood  
Thy Porter, opes and shuts thy folding Doors  
Still kind to me, propitious to my Verse.

---

\* Bargains.

† Rhubarb.



SONG.



## SONG.

*Upon a Gentleman sitting upon a Cremona-Fiddle.*

## I.

YE Lads and ye Lasses, that liye at \* Long-Leat,  
 Where, they say, there's no end of good Drink  
 and good Meat;  
 Where the Poor fill their Bellies, the Rich receive Ho-  
 nour;  
 So great and so good is the Lord of the Manour.  
*Sing Down, Down, Hey Derry Down.*

## II.

Ye Nymphs and ye Swains, that inhabit the Place,  
 Give ear to my Song, of a Fiddle's hard Case;  
 For it is of a Fiddle, a sweet Fiddle I sing;  
 A softer and sweeter did never wear String.  
*Sing Down, &c.*

\* A fine Seat of Lord Weymouth's.

## III.

Melpomene, lend me the Aid of thy Art,  
Whilst I the sad Fate of this *Fiddle* impart,  
For never had *Fiddle* a Fortune so bad;  
Which shews the best things the worst Fortune have had.

*Sing Down, &c.*

## IV.

This *Fiddle* of *Fiddles*, when't came to be try'd,  
Was as sweet as a Lark, and as soft as a Bride;  
This *Fiddle* to see, and its Musick to hear,  
Gave Delight to the Eye, while it ravish'd the Ear.

*Sing Down, &c.*

## V.

But first I must sing of this *Fiddle's Country*,  
'Twas born and 'twas bred in fair *Italy*;  
In a Town, where a Marshal of *France* had the Hap  
(*Fortune de la Guerre*) to be caught in a Trap.

*Sing Down, &c.*

## VI. And

## VI.

And now having sung of this *Fiddle's* high Birth,  
I should sing of the Fingers, which made so much Mirth ;  
But Fingers so strait, so swift and so small,  
Should be sung by a Poet, or not sung at all.

*Sing Down, &c.*

## VII.

Tho' I am, God wot, but a poor Country Swain,  
And cannot indite in so lofty a Strain ;  
So all I can say, is to tell you once more,  
Such Hands and such Fingers were ne'er seen before.

*Sing Down, &c.*

## VIII.

Having sung of the Fingers and *Fiddle*, I trow,  
You'll hold it but meet; I should sing of the Bow ;  
The Bow it was Ebon, whose Vertue was such,  
It wounded your Heart, if your Ear it did touch.

*Sing Down, &c.*

## IX. CUPID

## XI.

CUPID fain would have chang'd with this Bow for a  
while,

To which the Coy Nymph thus reply'd with a Smile;  
My Bow is far better than your's, I'll appeal,  
Your's only can kill, Mine can both kill and heal.

*Sing Down, &c.*

## X.

This *Fiddle* and Bow, and its Musick together,  
Would make heavy Hearts as light as a Feather;  
But, alas! when I shall its Catastrophe sing,  
Your Heart it will bleed, and your Hands you will wring.

*Sing Down, &c.*

## XI.

This *Fiddle* was laid on a soft easy Chair,  
Taking all for its Friends, its sweet Musick did hear;  
When strait there came in a Huge Masculine Bum,  
I wish the De'il had it to make him a Drum.

*Sing Down, &c.*

III. Now

## XII.

Now Woe to the Bum that this Fiddle demolish'd,  
 That has all our Musick and Pastime abolish'd;  
 May it never want Birth to be ifwitchid and be lash'd,  
 May it ever be itching and never be scratch'd.

*Sing Down, &c.*

## XIII.

May it never break Wind in the Cholick so grievous,  
 (A Pennance too small for a Crime so Mischievous)  
 Ne'er find a soft Cushion its Anguish to ease,  
 While all is too little my Wrath so appease.

*Sing Down,*

## XIV.

Of other Bum-scapes may it still bear the Blame,  
 Ne'er shew its bare Face without Sorrow or Shame;  
 May it ne'er mount on Horseback, without loss of Leather,  
 Which brings me almost to the end of the Tether.

*Sing Down, &c.*

## XV. And

## XV.

And now lest some Critick of deep Penetration,  
Should attack our poor Ballad with grave Annotation;  
The Fop must be told without speaking in Riddle,  
He must first make a better, or kiss my *Bum-Fiddle*.

*Sing Down, &c.*



EPI



EPISTLE  
FROM A  
Gentleman in *Lapland*,  
TO HIS  
Mistress in *England*.

WHILE for her *Strephon* faithful *Cælia* sighs,  
Beneath the *British* Suns and softer Skys:  
And tho' she feels the milder genial Ray,  
Repines at *Albion's* more indulgent Day:  
Think not, dear Nymph, these dreary Climes remove  
My wonted Vows, or quench the Fires of Love;  
By thine awak'd, my Correspondent Care,  
Pays Sigh for Sigh, and tells out Tear for Tear.

Tho'

Tho' the coarse Heav'n, and melancholy Clime  
Benum'd the shackled Feet of every Rhime;  
Tho' *Phæbus*, God of Wit and Heat retires,  
Withdraws his own, and damps the Poet's Fires;  
Yet no Degrees my ardent Love controul,  
Which burns ev'n here, and glows beneath the Pole.  
The *Artick* Circle shall to *Strephon* prove  
Only th' *Æquator* to his boundless Love:  
The Vows I make, tho' now conceal'd in Air,  
When the warm Spring brings back the youthful Year,  
Dissolv'd to Sound, the Salvages shall hear.

Sometimes to sooth the raging Pains of Love,  
From Map to Map with endless Care I rove;  
O'er Realms unknown, and various Lands I fly,  
O'er Worlds and Seas now travel with my Eye:  
From Pole to Pole I range this spacious All,  
Then single *Albion's* Island from the Ball.  
*Albion* to ev'ry Region I prefer,  
She the World's noblest Pride, and You of Her.

Whene'er your Image strikes upon my Soul,  
It thaws the Clime, and melts the frozen Pole:  
The fancy'd Lightnings of your Heav'nly Eyes,  
Unbind the Rigour of the Northern Skys;  
Tho' the pale Sun sheds here a silky Ray,  
And rules in distant Skys the feeble Day;

Tho' Icy Mountains rise confus'dly bright,  
And Chains of daz'ling Hills fatigue the Sight;  
Tho' Rocks in hoary Piles around me stand,  
Rise white, and glitter o'er the shining Land;  
Yet full of Thee, o'er boundless Plains I go,  
Bold and impassive to the driving Snow.  
  
I see, secure the Clime the Seas retain,  
And yoke the Ocean in a wintry Chain:  
O'er the green Surge my boundless View I cast,  
And safely walk along the dreary Wast;  
Led by those Eyes, my Stars, the Main explore,  
And Billows never plough'd by Ships before.

While those bright Images my Cares beguile,  
The Hills grow warm, and the black Desarts smile.  
But, if to crown my Hopes with full Delight,  
My *Cælia's* Form might bless my ravish'd Sight;  
I would not envy those rich Realms that lye,  
Beneath th' Influence of a softer Sky;  
I'd revel there, tho' circled round with Frost,  
And find a Paradise on *Laplaine's* dreary Coast.





*On a beautiful BOY, born Blind of one Eye,  
his Mother being the same.*

**A**N half-blind BOY, born of an half-blind Mother,  
Both wond'rous Fair; and each so like the other:  
Wouldst thou, Fair BOY, lend her thy Eye, she'll prove  
The Queen of Beauty, thou the God of Love.





A

## SONG

Made for the Entertainment of Her  
ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE

Princess of *WALES*,As She passed at the *HAGUE*.

WHILE all in Thee a Heav'n of Charms adore,  
Dear destin'd Blessings of an envy'd Shore,  
Seas proud to waft Thee swell, and murmur'ring near,  
Chide wanton Winds that part the Royal Pair.  
Till Gales auspicious Breath from *Eastern Skys*,  
Fond as your Vows and grateful as your Sighs,  
Bright PRINCESS near thy *Britain's watry Bounds*,  
To lull thy Cares admit our *British Sounds*.

Royal

Royal Charmer,  
 Now to chear you,  
 Pleasures call ;  
*Britains* wait you, &c.  
 Joys are near you,  
 Round the Ball,  
 Sports haste to treat you,  
 Honours to greet you,

With Love's true Blessing *GEORGE* the Crown of all.

To grace the Court, o'er Beauty to preside,  
 (And Beauty's Prize, fair Isle, was still thy Pride,) ;  
 An Angel's Form with a Cælestial Mind.  
 Blest *Britain* comes in bright *CHARLOTTA* joyn'd,  
 With ev'ry Grace, with ev'ry Virtue crown'd ;  
 Such Gods were feign'd, such is your Goddess found.

Know your Goddess, Race of Ocean,  
 To the Noblest Fair be kind ;  
 Smooth your Waves, attend her Motion,  
 Calm, yet sprightly as her Mind.  
 Like her Hero let her find  
 Leading Gales with Tides combine,  
 Waft her soon, and leave no Notion,  
 But of Joys for her design'd.

From their chaste Loves a Race of Heroes springs,  
 To bless our Isle, perhaps the World with Kings :

Hopes

## MISCELLANY POEMS.

Hopes of vast Empires o'er each Hemisphere,  
Of Ocean Lords, while Earth they amply Share.  
Why wander then the Winds, when call'd to guid  
O'er Subject Seas to Joy the Princely Bride?  
The Winds for Rest would court the Fair to stay;  
Love knows no Rest, and sighs at Heav'n's Delay.

Pitying Pow'rs above,  
Kind to tender Love,  
Bear her Sighs to her Adorer.  
Say his Smiles alone  
Who her Love has known,  
Can to absent Joy restore her.

See faithful Love and Piety prevail,  
The Pow'rs propitious breathe, the friendly Gale;  
O'er dancing Waves Sea-Nymphs the Goddess meet,  
With sounding Shells attending Tritons meet.  
The Dolphins sport, while as on Neptune's Throne,  
Embark'd, she sees the Seas her Empire own.  
With smiling Rays bright Phœbus courts in vain,  
A brighter Thetis doubled on the Main.  
Winds her fair Tresses spread, and fan her Charms,  
Each Lover's Sight now sweetly both alarms;  
And now they meet blest in each others Arms.

Kind

Kind Lovers regain your Treasures,  
All around revive your Pleasures;  
Lov'd, and loving as before,  
Fond and ravish'd, see him meet her;  
Fate the Youth from Beauty tore,  
But to make their Joys the sweeter,  
And their Flames to burn the more.



A N



A N  
 E P I S T L E  
 T O T H E  
 King of *Sweden*,  
 F R O M A  
 Lady of *England*.

N O *Thee*, Rude Warrior, whom we once ad-  
 mir'd,  
 And thought thy Actions spoke *Thee* half in-  
 spir'd,  
 While Justice held the Ballance of thy Cause,  
 And ev'ry Language sounded *Thy* Applause:

D

But

But since Ambition, and Revenge prevails,  
*Thy Glories languish, and our Wonder fails;*  
 To *Thee, a Woman* sends with gen'rous Care,  
 And warns thy Rashness timely to beware.

Fame now a Tale of fresher Date has told,  
 Beyond thy mad Romantick Feats of Old:

Our Malecontents thy Num'rous Squadrons boast,  
 Describe thy Pendants flying on our Coast,  
 And hear the pleasing Cry, *Britannia's lost*;  
 But we, who know the Genius of our Isle,  
 At their Report, and thy Invasion smile.

Are not our D A M E S in ev'ry Climate fam'd,  
*Les Belles Angloises*, by ev'ry Nation nam'd?

Are not our Y O U T H in Foreign Fields admir'd?  
 Alike by *Valour* and by *Love* inspir'd?

And shall those Fair Ones, who the Morning pass,  
 Consulting that dear Friend to Love, the Glass,  
 To set the Front and Fav'rite Patch in Place;  
 To bow, and glance it with becoming Grace,  
 To melt the Hero's Heart and charm his Eyes,  
 Fall to thy Gothic Rage a Sacrifice?

No, to thy Terror learn, our *British Youth*,  
 Are fam'd for *Honour*, *Constancy*, and *Truth*;  
 Each would as soon consent thy Cause to aid,  
 As yield the Fair to whom his Vows are paid.

Unlike the Passive Females of thy Land,  
The Arbitrators of the *War* we stand.  
At *Flurt* of *Fan*, our armed Legions Fly,  
And they who dare t' Offend, must dare to Dye.  
We know thy daring Heart is nurs'd in Blood,  
Wild as the fiercest Savage of the Wood ;  
With Fame like this, in Northern *Slaughter* shine,  
Rough as the frozen Bear, thy Neighb'ring Sign ;  
But here thy Brutal Force no Crown shall gain,  
By *Love*, as well as *Arms*, our Monarchs reign ;  
Can we our *G E O R G E* and his lov'd *Race* disown,  
To find thy barren Chastity a Throne ?

No ! in thy shagged *Rug*, rude Slumbers take,  
And dream of Conquests *Thou* shalt never make ;  
At distance be *thy* Leathern *Doublet* worn,  
Nor risque *thy* Life to purchase certain Scorn ;  
For now the *Wormwood Damsels* apprehend  
The dismal Consequence of such a Friend :  
Begin to tremble at the Truths they hear,  
And vow their Champions shall for *G E O R G E* declare :  
They fear *thy* Taste should lead young *James* astray,  
And quite unman their Monarch ev'ry Way.  
In his Excuse they still would have to tell,  
Tho' War's his Foe, he loves exceeding well ;  
The Proof from whence he springs, is not to Fight ;  
His *Surgeon* proves *Hereditary Right*.

But if by *thy* Example he should grow  
 Cold as thy Rocks of Ice, and Hills of Snow:  
 Should he clean Linnen hold in dire Disgrace,  
 And *Sable Crape* his Iv'ry Neck encrase:  
 Should he, like *Thee*, on Shives of coarsest Bread,  
 Rudely, with dirty Thumbs, his Butter spread;  
 Banish the gen'rous Juice of Grapes away,  
 And with small acid Tiff his Thirst allay;  
 Swallow lean hasty Meals of tasteless Roots,  
 And eat, and drink, and live, and reign in Boots;  
 Should he, like *Thee*, regardless of the Fair,  
 Lye down to Sleep, and only wake to War;  
 Could he in Arms, like Gallant *Brunswick* shine,  
 Yet would his *Female Friends* his Cause decline,  
 Nor justify a Right so slovenly Divine.

Consult *thy* safety, send no Armies forth,  
 Beyond the Confines of *thy* frozen North:  
 Since of our *British* Fair this Truth is told,  
 We love the Chaste, but we abhor the Cold:  
 But if *thy* daring Folly will proceed,  
 Fate drives *Thee* forward, and *Thy* Fall's decreed,

Each lovely Toast her Hero's Soul inspires,  
 Urges the War, and wakes his Martial Fires:  
 Think but what Terrors will *thy* Spirits seize,  
 When *thou* shalt face such Enemies as these;

See a Battalion lac'd with Point *a' Span*,  
And warm in glowing Velvets leads the Van:  
With War-like Air, th' embroider'd Chiefs appear,  
And gracefully the Looms rich Labours wear:  
In modish Order, o'er their Shoulders fly,  
*Deville's Wigs*, or *Lockman's* smarter Tye;  
The Gold-clock'd Stockings draw the Gazer's Sight,  
And *Verdon's* Red-top'd Shooe, stich'd round with White:  
Fine *Meclin Laces* round their Fingers play,  
From Snowy-Shirts, at least, chang'd twice a day.

These well-dress'd *Youths* to thy Destruction move,  
And Vict'ry waits upon the Wings of Love,  
Our Sexes Softness is to *Thee* unknown,  
What by a Look, or one kind Kiss is done!  
*Thou*, who a Stranger art to Love's Delight,  
Canst ne'er imagine how these Lovers fight.  
These are the *Men*, who on the *Flandrian* Plains  
O'erthrew the *Grand Monarch* in Ten Campaigns:  
Will these give Way before *Thy Vandal Host*,  
And yield their former Labours all for lost?  
No, these for *Liberty* and *Beauty* draw,  
And all around the Neigh'b'ring Tyrants awe;  
These Cock, take Snuff, invoke the Darling Fair,  
And then dispatch the Foe, *en debonair*.

Aim then no more, fond Prince, at *G E O R G E's Throne*;  
Wake from the flatt'ring Dream, and guard thy own.

In ev'ry Element alike we Reign,  
 And launch our ready Squadrons on the Main :  
 Our Champions, jocund o'er the flowing Bowl,  
 Reign in their Wooden Worlds, from Pole to Pole ;  
 Fearless of Danger, cut their conq'ring Way,  
 And from invading Tyrants scour the Sea.  
 Safer thou might'st in Lakes of Sulphur sleep,  
 Than brave these dreadful Masters of the Deep :  
 Beneath their Cannons roar, thy Flags must fall,  
 OR F O R D presides, and these are Britons all.  
 These, bold as Lyons, will the Fight maintain,  
 Or drive *Thee* back, or sink *Thee* in the Main ;  
 Tho' boist'rous as the Winds at Sea they roar,  
 They're gentle all, as Southern Gales on Shoar.  
 Th' Engagement past, the tender Thoughts return,  
 And for the Fair in Love's soft Fires they burn ;  
 In Beauty's sweet Embraces lull'd they lie,  
 But when their Country calls, her strongest Foes defy.

These hoist their Sails, and wait thy coming o'er,  
 And if thou dar'st to touch Britannia's Shore, }  
 Ne'er hope to see thy Native Sweden more.  
 How wilt thou dare these Hearts of Oak to meet,  
 Should Young *Augustus* deign to lead the Fleet ?  
*Augustus ! He !* who striding o'er the Slain,  
 Hunted thy New Ally o'er Flandria's Plain :  
 The Boy, his Cause forsaken now by all,  
 Calls for a Madman to prevent his Fall.

No Dastard Blood our PRINCES Veins disgrace,  
Unlike the *Princes* of a former Race,  
Who wisely slept, or blubber'd in Distress,  
He'll face the Battle, and will force Success.

From Great *Plantagenet*, *Augustus* springs,  
By his Example taught to conquer Kings ;  
Methinks I see the Royal Warrior stand  
Dealing amongst his *Chiefs* thy forfeit Land ;  
While *Thou* shalt fall Unpity'd and Forlorn,  
All Europe's Terror once, but now all Europe's Scorn.





## Epitaphium in Amatum Canem.

*Injurioso Pede, ne proruas stantem Columnam,  
Siste Viator, nec mirare  
Summo efferri honore  
Extinctum Catulum,  
Ab Quantum!*

*Quem forma insignis, nivensque candor,  
Mores, Gratia; facilisque Lusus,  
Amor, Obsequium, Fides  
Delicias Domini fecere;  
Eius lateri adhaesit assiduus  
Conviva, sociusque Fori,  
Illo Comite;  
Vis Animi Herilis delassata,  
Ingenium, mentemque novam sumebat;  
Istis pro meritis Herus non Ingratus  
Marmorea in Urna mortuum  
Deflens locavit,  
R. M. D. F.*

*Thus*

*Thus English'd.*

**I**njurious Foe,  
No further go,  
But stay a while, nor wonder,  
That little *Pig*  
Should look as big  
As Black Cap or as Thunder,  
Whose Beauty for Show,  
Being whiter than Snow,  
His Manners and Grace  
With a ludicrous Face,  
Which were the Delight of his Lord,  
Whose Faith and whose Love,  
These made him his Dove,  
And Companion at Bed, and at Board.  
When *Piggy* was by,  
No Spleen could come nigh,  
With no Evil my Mind was possest,  
Now with weeping and wailing,  
No Gratitude failing,  
I here do comit him to Rest.



## SONG.

**S**hould I dye by the Force of good Wine,  
‘Tis my Will that a Tun be my Shrine ;  
Then for the Age to come,  
Engrave this Story on my Tomb :  
“ Here lies a Body once so brave,  
“ Who with *Drinking* made his Grave.

Since thus to dye will purchase Fame,  
And raise an Everlasting Name ;  
*Drink, Drink away ;*  
*Drink, Drink away,*  
And dare to be nobly interr’d ;  
Let Misers and Slaves  
Sneak into their Graves,  
And rot in a dirty Church-Yard.





A  
C O M P L I M E N T

T O A

Young LADY,

Of a Beautiful Complexion.

**I**'LL tell you how the Rose at first grew red,  
And whence the Lilly whiteness borrwed;  
You blush'd, the Rose strait red'ned at the  
Sight,

The Lilly kiss'd your Hand, and so grew White.  
Before that time, each Rose had but a Stain;  
The Lilly of its Paleness did complain.  
You have the Native Colours, they the Dye,  
And triumph only in your Livery.

T H E



THE  
**Solid Content**  
 O F  
**PHILOSOPHY**  
 A N D T H E  
**M U S E S.**



O, Fordid Earth, and hope not to bewitch  
 My high-born Soul, that soars a nobler Pitch;  
 Thou canst not tempt her with adul'trate  
 Show,

She bears no Appetite that flags so low.  
 Should both the *Indies* share their Wealth to me,  
 And court my Eyes with Pomp and Luxury;  
 My better Self they never could entice,  
 Nor this with Gold, nor that with Orient Spice;

For

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For what poor Ends are these Possessions known,  
Where all is mine, tho' all is not my Own?  
Others in pompous Shew their Thoughts may please,  
Yet I am rich in wishing none of these.  
For say, what Happiness would you desire first,  
Still to have Drink, or never to have Thirst?  
No Equipage, waiting on me shall stand,  
Yet shall my Passions be at my Command;  
Reason, not that, shall the sole Ruler be,  
And ev'ry Sense that wears her Livery.  
Lord of my self in Chief; when they that have  
More Wealth, make that their Lord, which is my Slave;  
Yet I, as well as they, with more Content,  
Have in my self a settled Government.  
My Intellectual Soul hath there possest  
The Steward's Trust to govern all the rest.  
When I go out, my Eyes two Ushers are,  
And with strict Duty execute their Care.  
My Legs, like servile Footmen, go or stand,  
And ready Arms wait close on either Hand;  
My Lips are Porters to the dang'rous Door,  
And each kind Ear's a trusty Auditor.  
Then, when abroad, my inward Thoughts shall be  
Skilful Directors; they shall carry me  
Thro' Earth and Air, rough Neptune's wat'ry Plain,  
And in a Moment whirl me back again.  
The Charge of all the Cellar, Thirst, is mine,  
Thou Butler art, and Keeper of my Wine;

Stomach the Cook, whose Dishes best Delight,  
Because their only Sawce is Appetite;  
And my two Eye-lids, when I go to sleep,  
Like careful Grooms my silent Chamber keep;  
There, lest chill Damps oppress the Vital Part,  
A gentle Fire is kindled in my Heart;  
And lest too great a Heat procure me Pain,  
My Lungs fan Wind to cool the Parts again;  
Within the inward Closets of my Brain  
Attend the nobler Organs of my Train.  
Invention, her chief Residence keeps here,  
And Mem'ry is my faithful Register;  
What tho' in others 'tis a treach'rous Part?  
My Tongue is Secretary to my Heart.  
The close Attendants of my Soul and Sense,  
Are Anger, Pleasure, Love, Concupiscence;  
And all Affections else are taught t' obey  
Like Subjects, not like Favourites, to sway.  
This is my Mansion-House, and Men may see  
I live here Master of my Family.  
Say then, thou Man of Wealth, in what degree,  
Can thy poor Fortune over-ballance me?

Thy many Barks plough the rough Ocean's Back,  
Yet I can sleep secure against a Wreck:  
Thy Flocks of Sheep are Numberless to tell,  
And I without a Fleece am cloath'd as well:

Thou

Thou hast an hundred sev'ral Farms to let,  
And I can feed without the Lab'rers Sweat;  
Thou hast the Commons to Inclosure brought,  
And I have made a Limit to my Thought.

Variety is sought for, to delight  
Thy elegant, ambitious Appetite ;  
Three Elements at least dispeopled are  
For a Repast to make the Glutton's Fare ;  
And yet I find my wholsome Commons here,  
Beyond the choicest of his dainty Chear.

No Widow's Curse provides a Dish of mine,  
No Orphan's Tears are mingled in my Wine.  
Thou may'st, perhaps, to great Employments come,  
Whilst I erect a Monarchy at Home,

And that Pre-eminent enjoy more free  
Than thou puff'd up with vain Authority.

What then avails a large Command to have,  
Whose ev'ry Part is some foul Vice's Slave ?  
Ambition racks thy Heart with jealous Fear,  
And Bastard-Flatt'ry captivates thy Ear.

Thou on Posterity may'st fix thy Eye,

And I can study Ages long pass'd by :

Thou stand'st upon a Pinnacle to show

Thy Dang'rous Height, while I sit safe below :

Thy Father hoards up Gold for thee to spend,

When Death will do the Office of a Friend

And take him hence ; which yet thou think'st too late,

My Nothing to inherit is my Fate ;

Above this Birth-right, should it double be,  
No ling'ring Expectation tortures me;  
I can my Father's Rev'rend Head Survey,  
And yet not wish a single Hair turn'd grey.  
My constant Genius is, I happier stand,  
Much richer in his Life, than in his Land.  
And when thou hast an Heir, he for thy Gold  
Will think each Day makes thee a Year too old.  
Mine shall have no such Thoughts, if I have one,  
He shall be more a Pupil than a Son;  
And at my Grave weep Truth, and say, Death's Hand,  
That bountifully unto thine gave Land,  
Rob'd him of a kind Tutor; cursed Store,  
That leaves no Piety but 'mongst the Poor:  
Come then, confess which is the happier He,  
Or thou, or I, in our Posterity.  
I in an Orphan, who hath naught beside  
His Virtue; thou in thy rich Parricide,  
Who various Artists dost employ, to show  
The Measure of thy Lands, that thou may'st know  
How much of Earth thou hold'st; while I recal  
Within my Mind, how little 'tis in all;  
Thou hast thy Landskips, and the Painter trys,  
With all his Skill, to please thy wanton Eyes;  
Here shady Groves, and craggy Mountains there,  
Here Rivers headlong fall, there Springs rise clear.  
The Heav'ns bright Rays thro' Clouds still Azure show,  
Circled about with Iris' gawdy Bow,

But

But what of this? I real Heav'ns survey,  
True Groves, true Springs, through which your Shadows  
stray;

But you may say, the Comfort of our Life,  
Is in the Center of all Joys, a Wife;  
You may have Choice of Brides, yet need not Woo,  
The Rich, the Fair are proffer'd both to you;  
But what fond Virgin will my Love prefer,  
That only can in Virtue joynture her?  
Yet I such Matches scorn, an honest Pride,  
I harbour here, disdains a Market-Bride:  
Neglected Beauty now is priz'd by Gold,  
And sacred Love more basely bought and sold;  
Wives are made Traffick, Marriage is a Trade,  
And when a Nuptial of two Hearts is made,  
There must of Money too a Weding be,  
That Coin, as well as Men, may multiply;  
Oh, fatal Blindness! had we Eyes to see,  
There is no Wealth to gen'rous Poverty!  
And yet what want I, Heaven or Earth can yield?  
Methinks I now possess th' *Elysian* Field,  
Into my Chests the yellow *Tagus* flows,  
While my Plate-Fleet in bright *Pactolus* rows;  
Th' *Hyprian* Orchards mine I boldly call,  
Then I am rich in *Wealth Poetical*.



THE

# Tipling Philosophers.

A

## S O N G.

I.

**D**IOGENES surly and proud, who snarl'd at  
the Macedon Youth,  
Delighted in *Wine* that was good, because in  
good *Wine* there is Truth;  
But growing as poor as a *Job*, and unable to purchase a  
Flask,  
He chose for his Mansion a *Tub*, and liv'd by the Scent  
of the Cask.

II. HERACLITUS

## II.

HERACLITUS would never deny to Tipple and cherish his Heart,  
And when he was Maudlin, he'd cry, because he had empty'd his Quart;  
Tho' some are so foolish to think, that he wept at Mens Follies and Vice,  
'Twas only his Fashion to drink, till the Liquor flow'd out of his Eyes.

## III.

DEMOCRITUS always was glad of a Bumper to cherish his Soul,  
And would laugh like a Man that was Mad, when over a good flowing Bowl;  
As long as his Cellar was stor'd, his Liquor he'd merrily quaff,  
And when he was drunk as a Lord, at those that were sober, he'd laugh.

## IV.

COPERNICUS too like the rest, believ'd there was Wisdom in Wine,  
And fancy'd a Cup of the Best, made Reason the brighter to shine;

With *Wine* he'd replenish his Veins, and make his Philo-  
sophy reel,  
Then fancy'd the World, like his Brains, turn'd round  
like a Chariot-Wheel.

## V.

**A**RISTOTLE, that Master of Arts, had been but a  
Dunce without Wine,  
And what we ascribe to his Parts, is due to the Juice of  
the Vine;  
His Belly, most Writers agree, was as big as a Watering-  
Trough,  
He therefore leap'd into the Sea, because he'd have Li-  
quor enough.

## VI.

**O**ld PLATO, that learned Divine, he fondly to Wil-  
dom was prone,  
But had it not been for good *Wine*, his Merits had never  
been known;  
By *Wine* we are generous made, it furnishes Fancy with  
Wings,  
Without it we ne'er should have had, *Philosophers, Poets,*  
*or Kings.*

This



This ADDITION was made in DUBLIN.

## I.

THEOPHRASTUS, that eloquent Sage, by *Athens*  
so greatly ador'd,  
With the Bottle would boldly engage, when mellow, was  
brisk as a Bird;  
Would chat, tell a Story and jest, most pleasantly over a  
.Glass,  
And thought a dumb Guest at a Feast, but a dull Philoso-  
phical Ass.

## II.

OLD STRATO, who kept up a School, to teach Philo-  
sophical Drones,  
Drank *Wine*, like a Blockhead by Rule, 'till he'd scarce  
any Flesh on his Bones;  
Yet liv'd to a very great Age, by constantly wetting his  
Clay,  
And when he grew Sick of this Stage, he insensibly stag-  
ger'd away.

## III. PYTHAG'RAS

## III.

Pythagoras did silence enjoin, on his Pupils who  
Wisdom would seek,  
Because that he tippled good Wine, till himself was un-  
able to speak;  
And when he was whimsical grown, with sipping his plen-  
tiful Bowls,  
By the Strength of the Juice in his Crown, he conceiv'd  
Transmigration of Souls.

## IV.

Wise Solon, who carefully gave good Laws unto  
Athens of Old,  
And thought the rich *Cræsus* a Slave, tho' a King, to his  
Coffers of Gold;  
He delighted in plentiful Bowls, but drinking, much Talk  
would decline,  
Because 'twas the Custom of Fools, to prattle much over  
their Wine.

## V.

Old Socrates ne'er was content, till a Bottle had  
heightned his Joys,  
Who, in's Cups, to the Oracle went, or he ne'er had  
been counted so Wise;

Late Hours he certainly lov'd, made *Wine* the Delight of  
his Life,

Or *Xantippe* would never have prov'd, such a damnable  
Scold of a Wife.

## VI.

*ARISTIPPUS*, the frolick and gay, tho' wife, would  
not baulk his Delight,  
But drank in the Pride of the Day, hug'd *Lais of Corinth*  
at Night ;  
He was always as free as a Prince, and quick at a Pun or  
a Jest,  
Would never grudge any Expence, to purchase a Cup of  
the Best.

## VII.

Lewd *BION* would tipple like mad, and talk very  
wickedly too,  
Or else he would never have said, the Gods were a ba-  
stardly Crew ;  
And when he got drunk at a Feast, to crown his Inebri-  
ous Joys,  
He then would reel home like a Beast, and sess the Butt-  
end of his Boys.

## VIII. THEODORUS

## VIII.

THEODORUS, that God of a Man, who fancy'd his Person Divine,  
Could never have been so prophane, without frequent Excesses of *Wine* ;  
Nor could such an Atheist as he be content with a moderate Load,  
But must drink like a Fish in the Sea, to soar to the Pitch of a God.



THE



# The Governor:

A

# P O E M.

Presented to the KING.

---

By Mr. S---N H---P E.

---

O *Quis, quis impias  
Cædes, & Rabiem tollere Civicam?  
Si queret Pater Urbium  
Subscribi Statuis; indomitam audeat  
Refrænare Licentiam,  
Clarus post-genitis: —— Hor.*

**L**OUD, and more Loud, ye Britons, —— 'tis  
HE!  
'Tis **G E O R G E** return'd, —— and from your  
Woes, you're free:  
His Word is Destiny at Second Hand;  
Can Things, which seem impossible, Command?

Tho' Faction's Whirl-winds the vex'd Realms deform,  
*That saves the Ship of State* — *That lays the Storm.*  
 As *Neptune's Trident smooths the swelling Seas,*  
*GEORGE* waves his Sceptre — and our Tempests  
 cease.

For say, O Loyal Fellow-Subjects, say  
 Since last recorded *Aera's* whitest Day.  
 When *GEORGE* first mounting, rais'd the *BRITISH*  
 Throne,  
 Made us much His, but *more* Himself our own ;  
 (For He, our Troubles, We his Blessings share ;  
 He is *our Happiness*, and We *his Care.*)  
 Say, ever since that All-enliv'ning Sun  
 With Beams of Bounty on our Island shone,  
 Did not black *Envy* still the Light invade,  
 And strive to wrap us in her *fuller Shade* ?  
 Yet han't those Clouds, disspell'd by some new Ray,  
 Increas'd the rising Glories of his Way ?

Lo ! e'er he came, some Traytors to the State,  
 To keep it *Low*, as He since made it *Great*,  
 Try'd all the Tricks, that Malice could devise,  
 To bar *our Hopes* from our desiring Eyes :  
 Yet Providence, the *destin'd Time*, thought fit,  
 In Fates eternal Volume should be writ,  
 When *GEORGE* should rule *Britannia's happy Land*,  
 Then took, as 'twere, our Monarch by the Hand ;

Led him thro' adverse Perj'ry and Deceit,  
Safe to *Imperial Honour's* highest Seat;  
Plac'd him All-great, and sparkling on the Throne,  
And center'd all our Hopes in him alone;  
Our Hopes, the Crown, till latest Times should wait  
On the long Race of Great *PLANTAGENET*.

And sure, if ever yet indulgent Heaven  
Marks of its Love for *scepter'd Pow'r* has given,  
If e'er that *Form* of *Empire* it prefer'd,  
If e'er its Voice by Mortal Ears was hear'd,  
Here all its *Marks of Favour* it employs,  
All call him to the Crown he now enjoys.

When first his Sacred Temples bore the Crown,  
The Weight of Glory His, the Pomp our own;  
No sooner Crown'd, but thro' the World he lays  
Unerring Schemes of Universal Peace:  
*Europe's* tir'd Kings his welcome Plan obey'd,  
And joyn't Addresses with his Subjects paid:  
So Great we liv'd, so Happy, so Belov'd,  
Our Blessings were too high to be improv'd;  
More Joy we could not wish, for 'twere Excess,  
Which makes, whatever 'twould make Greater, less.

'Twas then that *Envy*, with malignant Eyes,  
Beheld new Joy with each new Sun arise;  
Madden'd at these Pacifick Schemes, she swore,  
That *British Fields* should swim with *British Gore*;

She took the crooked Shape of restless M—r  
 And Zeal pretending, rais'd a *Civil War*.  
 Strait Sheriff-Muir was like *Pharsalia's Plain*,  
 Friends were by Friends, by Brothers, Brothers slain;  
 But Heav'n still gives the Conquest where 'tis due,  
 And like the *Former CÆSAR*, acts the *New*.  
 Spite of his Foes, their Safety he decreed,  
 Few, but what fell in Arms, he doom'd to bleed,  
 The Rest by Force from courted Bondage freed.  
 Ev'n Faction wonder'd how it self complain'd,  
 Rebels turn'd true, and All *Augustus* reign'd.

As Ghosts are said at Night's deep Noon to stray,  
 But vanish, sick'ning at the dawn of Day;  
 So when the Light of Loyalty broke forth,  
 It drove pale *Envy* from the cloudy \* *North* ;  
 From Earth to Air her vap'rous Form she rear'd,  
 And flaming like a Meteor, disappear'd.

To us she disappear'd, but thro' the World,  
 Trav'ling aloft, her baleful Influence hurl'd ;  
 O'er distant Kingdoms, tho' in Ours she fails,  
 Widely her undisputed Sway prevails :

\* Alluding to the Coruscations that appear'd in the North just after the happy Termination of the late unnatural Rebellion.

Since here in vain she found her Fury spent,

Her Feuds the rest of spacious Europe rent,

Our Isle she left, to waste the Continent.

No GEORGE was there to stop her dread Alarms,

No Counsels else she fear'd, nor other Arms;

From North to South she formidably shines,

Lights GORTZ's Trains, and ALBERONI's Mines.

The haughty Spaniard, by her Influence led,

Insidious Arms o'er wasted Islands spread;

Sardinia's Faith to Austria plighted, broke,

Bow'd her fair Neck beneath his galling Yoke:

Then Fair Sicilia felt his lawless Sway,

And found its better-half constrain'd t' obey;

To naked Fields the Globe's rich Gran'ry turn'd,

The Place, that fed the World, a Famine mourn'd.

Now Naples trembled, with Seditions vex'd,

And fear'd their Fate would prove its own the next;

Ev'n Germany with Doubts suspended stood,

Whether its num'rous States should stream with Blood;

On Britain's King their Hopes or Fears depend,

If Wars should endless prove, or when they'd end.

Well on his Boundless Pow'r the Peace relies,

GEORGE orders —— and our winged Navy flies;

Soon reach'd, nor sooner reach'd Sicilia's Shoar,

But strait her Light'nings blaze, her Thunders roar;

Soon their Hesperian Fleet its Error knows,

Half sinking to the Womb of *Thetis*, goes,

Their Adm'ral sav'd, but to become a Prize,  
 Shatter'd the Remnant, not with taking, flies :  
*Merci*, encourag'd does his Troops command,  
 As Britons fought by Sea, to fight by Land :  
 By British Cannon and the German Sword,  
 Guarded, the Isle rejects the Spanish Lord.

No more the noisy Drums and Clarions sound,  
 No more the Clangors of shril Trumpets wound,  
 The gentle Ecchos of the peaceful Air,  
 Nor frights the Hinds the Brazen Threat of War :  
 Those Death-decoying Instruments are mute,  
 In quiv'ring Notes contending Nymphs dispute, }  
 Love dances on the String, and warbles thro' the Lute.  
 Now Rural Musick, from some Oaten Reed,  
 Heals wounded Minds, when Love-sick Shepherds bleed :  
 Now how her Face-recov'ring Nature shews,  
 How with kind Suns the yellowing Harvest glows ;  
 How shoot the Woods a-new, how spring the Plains,  
 Apollo's Fav'rites, the Sicilian Swains,  
 Tell in sweet Numbers; but in loftier Verse,  
 The Mighty Deeds of Mighty *Byng* rehearse.  
 Each rivals next the Mantuan Bard, and sings  
**G E O R G E**, who at pleasure makes, or unmakes Kings.

At Magick Numbers all-commanding Sound,  
 Furies and Ghosts are said to quit their Ground ;

Envy, this joyful Musick loath to bear,  
 Resumes her vap'rous Form, and Scales the Air;  
 To seek fresh Residence, she mounts on high,  
 Then *Northward* bends her Journey thro' the Sky,  
 Till reaching barb'rous *Russia's* Gloomy Land,  
 She found an Empire fit for her Command.  
 Here first she fix'd her baleful Seat, and here  
 Hatch'd the dire Projects of a bloody Year.  
 Strait some dead *Russian* Monarch's Form she took,  
 And *This*, in Dreams of Glory lost, bespoke.

“ Hast heard, O *C Z A R*, how round the Southern  
 Shoar,  
 “ *British AUGUSTUS* made his Thunder roar?  
 “ Round his remotest Foes his Lightnings hurl'd,  
 “ And tam'd the noisy't Quarters of the World?  
 “ How, far as *Pines* with Canvas Wings can fly,  
 “ His Fame runs echoing thro' the vaulted Sky?  
 “ While Kings his Praise with inward Rancour hear,  
 “ But outwardly applaud, because they fear:  
 “ Wilt *Thou* thy Share of *Martial Pomp* resign  
 “ To him, whose Kingdom is a Span to *Thine*?  
 “ Up, up, for Honour's sake, and once again  
 “ Let Foreign Panicks shew a *Russian Reign*:  
 “ If He's a *CÆSAR*, you're a *CÆSAR* too,  
 “ Nor less the Glory, than the Name's your Due:  
 “ Since your Imperial Titles are the same,  
 “ O shine his *Equal* in the Rolls of Fame!

" Let thy *Dread Fleet* its Watry Empire seize,  
 " His be the *Southern*, Thine the *Northern Seas* ;  
 " Let boasted *Britons* make tame *Spaniards* bleed,  
 " While braver *Russians* Quell the hardy *Swede*.  
 " So the Chief Praise to Thee shall *GEORGE* resign,  
 " And own his Triumphs cheaply bought to thine.  
 " Each future Pilot shall thy Fame declare,  
 " And name their *Northern Guide*, the *Russian Star*.

This said, away the *Regal Phantom* flew,  
 Scatt'ring those airy Cloathings from his View:  
*Envy*, unseen her self, besieg'd his Breast,  
 His flutt'ring Heart his anxious Soul possest,  
 Rid, like a *Hag*, his Dreams, and broke his balmy Rest.

These boding Dreams the *CZAR* confirm'd, awake;  
 And fight he would, tho' but for fighting-sake :  
 Caress, if neither Country reap'd the Good,  
 His Pride he plac'd in shedding Human Blood ;  
 To gain Inglorious Conquests was his Aim ;  
 He sought not Conquest's *End*, but Conquest's *Name*.  
 Strait grown a *Victor* in his cruel *Thought*,  
 Stockholm he sack'd, and future Battles fought :  
 Too soon he tries, what he resolves too soon,  
 And all the Tempest of the War's begun ;  
 Gath'ring his Fleet, he wide Destruction breathes,  
 And in each Vessel stores Ten Thousand Deaths :

By Magazines of ill-invented Fire,  
Whole Provinces he destines to Expire;  
Then calls his Chief — one barb'rous Order gives,  
Too sure to cost whole Hecatombs of Lives;  
Of various Deaths prescribes each dreadful Form,  
And like some *wrathful Angel* guides the Storm.  
Him swift, the *Chief*, the *Fleet* their *Chief* obey,  
And num'rous *Transports* hide the Neigh'b'ring Sea;  
Not long — for lo! the *floating Realm* invades  
A distant Realm, whose brave *out-number'd Swedes*  
Are driv'n, a *Hof of Heroes*, to the Shades;  
To Devastation next their Arms they turn  
Villas, and Villages, and Cities burn;  
Their Ramparts flame, and no assisting Flood,  
To quench that Flame, is near, but Christian Blood  
Young Virgins fall, unaided by their Charms,  
In vain her Babe, the shrieking Mother's Arms,  
Clasp to the Place, that fondles Babes to Rest,  
Parent and Child one endless Sleep possest,  
And Daggers pin it to the streaming Breast.  
With harmless Fields and Woods they next engage,  
Even they're made Fuel to unbounded Rage;  
Life-giving Corn, for Miles, in Flames expires,  
Crackling with Anger at their Impious Fires:  
Oaks that had flourish'd for an Hundred Years,  
Flaming aloft, below their sappy Tears,  
On their old Mother Earth's scorch'd Bosome, pour,  
And mourn an Age's Loss in one short Hour:

From Tree to Tree, consuming Leagues of Wood,  
Defraud of future Fleets the Watry God :  
He felt the Scorchings of the Neighb'ring Flame,  
Wish'd that he nearer had some Daughter-Stream  
To over-flow its Banks, and *Russian* Fury tame.  
In vain — a Week the blazing Terrors play :  
That Week's one long uninterrupted Day,  
No Night, till all around in ashy Ruins lay,

And is it thus, O *Russian*, thou wouldest Vie  
With *GEORGE*, that like the Thund'rer of the Sky,  
Could, were his Bolts, like thine, at random hurl'd,  
As you one Kingdom ravag'd, crush the World ?  
But Justice o'er his well-plac'd Anger rules,  
He flames by Reason, and by Reason cools ;  
As you are *falsely*, He is *truly* Brave,  
Not fights to Ruin, but subdues to Save :  
Too soon you'll find, when he protects the *Swedes*,  
Just Rage provok'd, repay your Lawless Deeds ;  
Be wise, your Fleets in safest Harbours keep,  
Lest the *Burnt-Sacrifice* atones the Deep ;  
As well with *Sol* may *Phaeton* compare,  
Or mad *Orestes* with the God of War ;  
As *Thou* with *GEORGE*, like *SOL*'s, his Glories strike,  
On all Mankind, and shine on all alike.  
O ! was thy Pow'r like his, one fatal Day  
Would the whole mould'ring World in Ashes lay ;

Thy Name would, where 'tis now unknown, be curst,  
And *Second Phaeton* out-do the *First*.

But, O! beware, rash Prince! betimes beware,  
Nor urge the Progress of the *Northern War*:  
Lest the *New Phaeton's* Career should prove  
*A Second Thunderer, and a British Jove.*

Proceed, the *Czar's Invincible*, he cries,  
Nor fears th' united Wrath of Earth and Skies.  
*Strait dauntless NORRIS* reach'd the *Baltick Seas*,  
And the *Invincible* soon treats of *Peace*.

*Envu*, since Wars can't trouble his Repose,  
And vex'd that Order from Disorder grows,  
By *Zeal*, more latent Mischiefs does conspire,  
By *Zeal*, far worse than War, or Sword, or Fire;  
Upon her Head the *Mitred Honour*'s born,  
She wears the *Cope*, her Serpent-Locks are shorn;  
Her hollow Features, and her pallid Look,  
The starving Fits of wild Devotion spoke;  
With the devoutest Charity she burns,  
And strait the Mitre to a Helmet turns;  
She lops the Fashion of the Scarlet-Gown,  
To Regimental Cloaths of fierce Dragoon;  
In Fury to *Reform'd Cathedrals* flies,  
And swore, her Priests their Priests, should sacrifice,  
Up to the Pulpit, marching Files by Files,  
They drive Grey *Elders* trembling thro' the Isles;

To open Fields the *Holy Tribe* repair,  
And make the spacious Heav'ns the Place of Pray'r:  
When these Petitions to high Heav'n are done,  
*Inspir'd*, they next address the *British Throne*;  
As quick as they their anxious Pray'r prefer'd,  
So quick the *Faith-defending Monarch* heard,  
Pity'd the two just Causes of their Grief,  
His Aid he promis'd, and he vow'd Relief.

Lo! *Envy*, when great *G E O R G E* abroad must go  
To heal those Woes, contrives Domestick Woe;  
She calls up pow'rful *Mammon* to invade  
His Realm with *Scarcenes*, by pretence of Aid;  
She bids *Hypocrisy* to dress him bright,  
To gild with *Solar Beams* his *Genuine Night*,  
And the dark *Fiend* an *Angel* seem'd of *Light*. }  
'Twas he for Thirty Pence one *Judas* bought,  
But now to *Thirty Pounds*, by Millions brought;  
Taught them his Master-Piece of curs'd Deceit,  
And how to fleece Three Kingdoms by one Cheat.  
But *Sophistry* he taught them too, to prove  
That all they did, was for their Country's Love,  
That what has crush'd Us in one common Fate,  
Was to redeem Us, and to free the State.  
Like *Sodom's Fruit*, their *Schemes appear*, and are,  
Their insides *rotten*, but their outsides *fair*;  
So fair, no wonder they deceiv'd the Eyes  
Of Statesmen truly *good*, and truly *wise*;

This

This Case too often does befall the Good,  
 Knaves are by Words, not Meanings understood :  
 This Truth however may some Joy create,  
 Good Men still punish where they find the Cheat.

*STANHOPE* and *CRAGS*, two Patriots of our Isle,  
 Who on their *promis'd Aids* did *justly smile*.  
 Will on their ~~forfeit~~ Words as *justly frown*,  
 And vindicate the Glories of the Crown.

But, *COWPER*, who can hear thy *Prophet-Sense*,  
 And not relate thy wond'rous *Eloquence*?  
 Thy Voice like *Tully's* for the State prefer'd,  
 Had sav'd, like *Tully's*, if like *Tully's* heard ;  
 Rightly you call'd their Scheme a *Trojan Horse*,  
 Whose inward Frauds might help some outward Forces :  
 Too much like *Old Laocoön* spoke the *New*,  
 His Words *no more attended* —— but *as True*.

Yet One we have, one saving Speech to hear,  
 From whence we'll date again the *Golden Year* ;  
 When *GEORGE* returning from his Cares Abroad,  
 From easing Christians of Oppression's Load,  
 Restoring plunder'd *Fanes* to them, to *GOD* ; }  
 When He, this Mighty *GEORGE* again shall speak,  
 To list'ning Senates, and Hell's Magick break ;  
 Cures of *Diseases* to his *Touch* belong,  
 And Cures of *Factions* to his *Balmy Tongue* ; }

110 MISCELLANY POEMS.

Fast as pale *Env*y found new Feuds, as fast  
He quell'd them all — this *HYDRA* is the last;  
The Fiend to set him farther Tasks does cease,  
And lasting, and like Heav'n, shall be our Peace.  
By Toils on Toils the Great *Alcides* thus  
Gain'd Heav'n — for Himself — but *GEORGE* — for Us.  
Hark! now the Cannons echo to the Sky,  
*GEORGE* seeks the Senate — now our Bliss is nigh,  
He speaks — The Time of Happiness is come,  
Attend, and let all sawcy Praise be Dumb.



SONG.

# MISCELLANY POEMS. III



## SONG.

### I.

**Y**oung *Philloret*,  
And *Cælia* met,  
In an old shady Grove;  
The Nymph was *Coy*,  
The am'rous Boy,  
Still Sigh'd, and talk'd of *Love*;  
He prais'd her Face,  
Her Shape, her Grace,  
Her lovely Charming Mein;  
And swore she was  
The brightest Lass,  
That tript it on the Green.

### II.

With Artful Tongue,  
The Shepherd Sung,

And

And told a melting Tale;  
But all his Art  
Ne'er touch'd her Heart,  
Nor could his Skill prevail:  
Th' insulting Fair,  
With scornful Air,  
Still mock'd the Love-sick Swain;  
And as he Sigh'd,  
She still reply'd,  
She'd Pleasure in his Pain.

## III.

The Shepherd scorns,  
No longer burns,  
Neglecting all her Charms;  
The happy Swain  
Forgets his Pain  
In kinder *Chloe's* Arms:  
*Cælia* repents,  
Her Heart relents,  
Her Charms begin to fade;  
Ill natur'd Time  
Destroys her Prime,  
She dreads to die a MAID.



On a Large  
Family - Piece :

Belonging to

Sir J----s B----, Baronet.



WHAT Pleasure strikes us, when the Painter's Art

Steals thro' the Eyes, and seizes on the Heart:

Where Sense lies ravish'd at the Pencil's Stroke,  
And Art the Pow'rs of Nature does invoke.

Where in one Portrait we distinctly see  
The Num'rous Issue of a Family,  
With Beauty grac'd, and soft Humanity?

Here, on the Parent, smiles a Manly Grace,  
 And Goodness triumphs in the Mother's Face.  
 Maternal Care sits easy on her Brow,  
 While round, on ev'ry Side, her Children flow,  
 Here, near the Father, stands his earliest Care,  
 The Beauteous Off-spring of the Lovely Pair.  
 Next her the Joyous Issue of a Son,  
 The Father's Image; and that one alone  
 Might not determine all their Earthly Bliss,  
 Heav'n has ordain'd to make a Trine of this.  
 Two Infants more the lovely Scene adorn,  
 As *Bacchus* jolly, blushing as the Morn.  
 The Modest Twins, dress'd by Judicious Skill,  
 Our Eyes at once with equal Pleasure fill.  
 Three Infant-Beauties still the Canvas grace,  
 With ev'ry Feature of each Parent's Face:  
 So lively drawn, so like in ev'ry Part,  
 'Tis hard to judge where Nature is, where Art.  
 To thee, *Du Gard*, this Fame is justly due,  
 Thou copy'st not, for thou creat'st a-new:  
*Prometheus* Fire fills thy capacious Soul,  
 Here are no Parts, for ev'ry Part's a WHOLE.



SONG.



## SONG.

A Swain long tortur'd with Disdain,  
 Who long had sigh'd, but sigh'd in vain,  
 At length the God of Wine address'd,  
 The Refuge of a wounded Breast.

Vouchsafe, O Pow'r, thy Healing Aid,  
 Teach me to gain the Cruel Maid,  
 Thy Juices take the Lover's Part,  
 Flush his wan Looks, and chear his Heart.

Thus, to the Jolly God he cry'd,  
 And thus the Jolly God reply'd;  
 Leave whining off, be brisk and gay,  
 And quaff thy sneaking Form away.

With dauntless Mein approach the Fair,  
 The way to conquer is to dare.  
 The Swain took now the God's Advice,  
 The Nymph was then no longer Nice;

But

But smiling told her Sexes Mind,  
 " When you grow daring, we grow kind;  
 " Men to themselves are most severe,  
 " And make us Tyrants by their Fear.



*On his Grace the Duke of MARLBOROUGH.*

**N**O T mighty Cæsar did from Gallia come,  
 Loaded with more and greater Lawrels home,  
 When to the Capitol in Pomp he rode,  
 To offer up his Spoils to Mars his GOD;  
 The rude unwarlike Gauls, an easy Prey  
 To Cæsar's Valour fall, and soon gave way;  
 But when *Thou* fought'st, the Art of War they knew,  
 Less Honour, Cæsar, Sir, deserves than you.



T H E



THE  
Unbyass'd Honest  
BRITON.

Made upon an Election for Parliament Men.

**P**OX of these vile Distinctions, HIGH and  
LOW,  
This WAR of WORDS, vain Party-Feuds,  
which flow  
From Spleen, not Reason; Prithee what's to me,  
Whether my Friend a Whig or Tory be?  
I'm no State Bigot, and in neither blame  
The Honest Men, but the Dishonest Name.  
We, Slaves to Sounds, and Politician's Art,  
For empty Names with real Freedom part.  
Prerogative and Property, strange Words!  
That turn our Heads, and then unsheathe our Swords,

Are

Are Terms with which sly Statesmen cheat us all,  
And used alternate, as they rise or fall.

The Whig, in Pow'r Prerogative, strains high,  
Tory disgrac'd, stands firm for Property.

Old ENGLAND, an Old Bubble, hugs the Cheat,  
Tho' still deceiv'd, still favours the Deceit:

Till ruin'd —— Hold! your grave Reflections spare;  
Reason with Int'rest makes unequal War:  
Since Party-Zeal's the surest Way to rise,  
Who argues against Places? Friend be wise.

We, Scaffoldings of Pow'r, are us'd and prais'd,  
By rising Greatness, but thrown by, when rais'd.  
So my Triennial Friend smooths haughty Brow,  
With humble Fawn does to stiff Burges's bow;  
Begs Votes, but mounted in Triumphal Chair,  
He swells, and reassumes his distant Air.

A Jolly Priest advanc'd to Peter's Chair,  
The Story's short, and may deserve your Ear,  
Sends for the Partner of his looser Hours,  
His Bottle Friend, a Rake, like one of ours;  
Whose Absence blaming, thus he did excuse.  
Would you, Great Sir! those Thoughts and Minutes lose  
On me, which must the World command and guide?  
To whom, with Smiles, his Holiness reply'd:  
We'll still be merry, Friend; and thou shalt find  
A little Folly governs all Mankind.



*Wrote on the TOMB-STONE of a Rich MAN.*

**U**Seless Riches, can you save  
Your Admirers from the Grave?  
He was Rich, and I am Poor,  
I am living, He no more.  
The same Tomb at once contains  
The wise Man's Sense, the Idiot's Brains.  
Men and Women huddled lie,  
Without distinguishing they're nigh.  
Here lies *Higb-Church*, here lies *Low*,  
And ne'er disputed, as I know;  
Lawyer and Client hither come,  
Nor quarrel here for Elbow-room.





TO THE  
K I N G.

On His MAJ E T Y 's Landing in *Holland*.



HE Muse, who, near thy *Britain's* watry  
Bounds,  
Here hail'd *Thee* first, *Great Prince!* in *Bri-*  
*tish Sounds,*

Now greets her Lord, who, fond the World to bless,  
Comes o'er to fix the Greater like the Less.

Hail! Umpire of the Globe! Bid Discord cease;  
Form mighty Leagues; Awe Empires into Peace;  
Just Claims assert; and, spreading Terrors round,  
Make threat'ning Walls fall at thy Trumpet's Sound.

Poise

Poise Europe's Ballance in Thy steady Hand:  
Commanding Britain, the whole World command.  
Kings, Armies, Nations, for Thy Presence wait;  
And from thy Dictates watch the Birth of Fate.

What Joy Thy good Old Subjects now must boast!  
For most they love Thee, who have known Thee most.  
Their Lord, their Father, they with Transports meet;  
Feast on Thy Smiles, and bathe with Tears Thy Feet.  
Each for his Prince a Thousand Sports prepares;  
Sports long neglected for Britannick Cares.  
Yet, while the Sov'reign acts a Father's Part,  
And all Thy Subjects share, like Sons, Thy Heart,  
Think how, like Orphans, greater Nations mourn;  
Think each True Britain from a Parent torn.  
Like Friends, like Lovers, 'till they felt the Smart,  
They never knew how grievous 'tis to part.  
Your other self, Your Genius, tho' You leave,  
Depriv'd of You, they cannot cease to grieve.  
From ev'ry Part they for their Monarch call;  
Haste back! Be seen; be known; be lov'd by all:  
Kind to the True, with Goodness charm the rest;  
Spite of themselves, compel them to be blest.  
Their Rights, their Faith, their Freedom still maintain,  
Great GEORGE for Europe, condescends to Reign.  
Firm, like thy self, heroick Virtue goes,  
Tho' rugged Ways, high Rocks and Couds oppose;

And, on the conquer'd Height, with Glory crown'd,  
Serene, and blest, commands the World around.  
Calm'd by *Thy Pow'r*, the raging Storms are o're;  
Now Share the Sweets on *Thy Britannia's Shore*.  
The *Dragon's* slain; No Danger more affrights;  
Sav'd by her *GEORGE*, she courts but to Delights,  
*Jove's* Son o'er Seas so wing'd his airy Way;  
And freed the Fair, a Monster's ready Prey.  
She (All applauding) prov'd his Willing Prize;  
Rage strove in Vain to break the grateful Ties:  
His Prudence chang'd, the Foes his Valour spar'd;  
And, with his Bride, a Heav'a of Joys he shar'd.





## SONG.

To a Favourite MINUET of the Duchess of  
B——n.

## I.

C L O R I N D A's an exquisite Creature;  
The Fountain of Human Delight,  
The Beautiful Darling of Nature,  
So truly transporting's the Sight;  
Her languishing Eyes do discover  
The Amorous Thoughts of her Heart,  
And tell such dear Tales to her Lover  
As could not be told him by Art.

## II.

Her Tongue is so charmingly moving,  
That few can its Magick withstand;  
Then cease from the Passion of loving,  
Her Charms have such Pow'r to command;  
Were I the World's great Emperor,  
And had the Globe in my fway,  
For my C L O R I N D A I'd throw  
The trifling Gewgaw away.



Mr. P-----e's  
A N S W E R  
TO  
Mrs. Lepel and Mrs. How,

On their asking him, *What is Prudery?*

**W**HAT is Prudery? 'Tis a Beldam,  
Seen with Wit and Beauty seldom,  
'Tis a Fear that starts at Shadows;  
'Tis — no, 'tis n't like Miss Meadows;  
'Tis a Virgin hard of Feature,  
Old and void of all good Nature,  
Lean and fretful, would seem wise,  
Yet plays the Fool before she dies;  
'Tis an ugly envious Shrew  
That rails at dear *Lepel* and *How*.



ON



ON THE  
LADIES  
*Hoops and Hats.*  
AN  
EPIGRAM.



UR Grannums of Old were so piously Nice,  
That to shew us their Shooe-tye was re-  
kon'd a Vice:

But, Lord! could they now but peep out of  
the Ground,

And see the fine Fashions their Daughters have found;  
How their Steps they reveal, and oblige the lewd Eye  
With the Leg's pretty turn, and delicate Thigh:

Whilst the Modern Free Hops, so ample and wide,  
Up-lift the white Smocks with an Impudent Pride,  
And betray the sweet Graces they chafely should hide. }  
But how Wanton is Beauty? How Capricious the Fair?  
The Hats are all flop'd with so modest an Air, }  
Each Virgin you meet, a veil'd *Vestal* you'd swear.  
In Property strange! How wild the Extremes!  
How the Hats suit the Hoops! just like Water and Flames.  
What Whimsies are these? What comical Farces?  
They hide all their Faces, and shew us their Ar--s.  
But from hence an Excuse for the Ladies may rise,  
For when conscious their nethermost Charms treat our  
Eyes,  
Perhaps they may blush; and 'tis a Sign of some Grace,  
When the Br--ch is expos'd, to cover the Face.





A Familiar  
 E P I S T L E  
 TO THE  
 Earl of *Sunderland*,  
 One of the  
 Lords Justices of *England*.

---

*In publica peccem,  
 Si, longo Sermone, morer tua Tempora --- Hor.*

---

Loaded, my L O R D, with Cares of State;  
 Press'd by the Wealthy and the Great;  
 Fatigued for G E O R G E and Britain's Good;  
 Crown'd with Success, tho' much withheld:  
 Postpone your Toil; Deign to peruse  
 • The LITTLE LEVITES, a MUSE,

Not over-gay, at present fends,  
*To make you smile and please your Friends.*  
 'Tis no new Thing for Bards, with Letters,  
 In Metre, to address their Betters,  
 Without being thought UNBRED or RUDE:  
 Verse must be very bad t' INTRUDE.  
 This was the constant Trade of Horace,  
 And others (whom you've read) before us.

But stop, advent'rous Muse, thy Flight,  
*Consider well before you write,*  
 Important are his Lordship's Hours;  
 Not Voide and Humorous, like yours;  
 The Fate of Empires is his Care,  
 A glorious Peace! or lawful War!

Besides, you must not write in haste;  
 His JUDGMENT's good; refin'd his TASTE.  
*Politest Learning, brightest Wit;*  
*Whatever with Applause is writ;*  
 (Whether recorded by the Lore,  
 In ancient Archives dusty Store;  
 Or, whether to the Height are brought  
 Sciences, by modern Thought)  
 These are his Fav'rites, and, of course,  
 His Conversations can't be worse.

Think

Think I, these Thoughts are just and true; To many tell  
A Letter from Kinsale won't do:  
Cloudy's the Climate, Poor the Land;  
Verse thrives not on the barren Sand:  
Forc'd too from Town; Nay, banish'd quite,  
It is impossible to write!  
Albeit, herein some Comfort lies,  
Bank-Stock and South-Sea mainly rise;  
Nay, Bubbles turn to solid Good;  
Discharge my Rent, and buy me Food.  
And as kind Fate increases Wealth,  
So, Wife and Children are in Health.

But, if I write, what shall I say?  
An Irish Tale —— Once on a Day, &c.  
No, No! Be Wise; sink, for this Time,  
Thy Love for SUNDERLAND, and RHYME.

What is't to Him, that at Kinsale,  
Our Claret's bad, and worse our Ale?  
Or, that our Rum and Brandy's good,  
As e'er was tip'd, or fir'd Mens Blood?  
And that there is no cheaper Thing  
Sold in this Town? —— GOD bless the KING!

It must, for Certain, be amiss,  
To send such trifling Stuff, as This:

## 130 MISCELLANY POEMS.

To tell him, That the *Folk* in Town,  
 For want of *War*, are quite undone;  
*That* they have no Estates in Lands;  
*And that* their Time hangs on their Hands;  
*How Haddock* snarls at *Griffy Beven*,  
*How Jerry* laughs from Six t' *Eleven*,  
*How* most Men live at Six and Seven.  
*In short*, the Humours of this Town,  
*In Piccadilly*, will not down:  
*Neither* the *Billinggate* of *Scilly*,  
*Nor* the dry *Jokes* of *Bowler Billy*.  
*And if I steer Killala-Course,*  
*That Journal* will be *worse and worse*.

*Think, Then, I must, before I write,*  
*And so, be thinking what t' indite;*  
*I found in this Corrected Age,*  
*Our Diction Chaste, and Just our Rage:*  
*I found the Wits were strictly taught*  
*Propriety of Style and Thought:*  
*And strait on choiceft modern Rhyme,*  
*Employ'd my Curious, well-spent Time!*  
*For, truly, of the Claffick-kind,*  
*Little, in our Old Bards, I find.*

To *ADDISON* I first apply'd;  
*Poet, and Orator beside!*

Much

Much his Great Name to *Justness* owes,  
When highest swell'd, he ne'er o'er-flows ;  
And, when the dang'rous Deep he shuns,  
Tho' Low, yet *Clear* and *Sweet* he runs :  
*Cool Judgment tempers hottest Fire* ;  
*Art* guides, what *Genius* does inspire.

While *Garth*, with Labour, strives to please,  
*Pope* versifies with perfect Ease ;  
While *Pope*, in *Female Softness*, shines,  
*Garth* languishes in *Manlier Lines*.  
Both have their Beauties, Both excel  
In *Thinking*, and in *Writing* well.

*Philips* I've read : He's *Pure*, He's *Terse*,  
Sound is his Sense, and smooth his Verse.  
A H ! could he court the Groves again ;  
And charm a-new th' admiring Swain !  
Again, frequent the Muse's *Throng*,  
And finish *Thule's* heav'nly Song !

I've read too (not without Delight)  
What *Tickell*, and what *Welford Write* ;  
Nature's own Beauties they pursue,  
Their Stile correct, their Manner new.

This when I'd done, with strictest Care,  
I stop'd my own vain fond Career ;

An

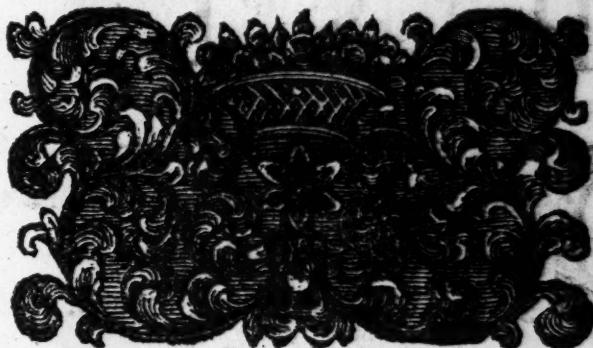
And said, *None*, but the first-rate Wit,  
To sing my *Spencer* can be Fit:  
The Nobler Blood, let such Men shew,  
Which, thro' his Purple Veins, does flow  
Those Honours, which he does inherit;  
Or those which **G E O R G E** bestows on Merit,  
How (good as Guardian Angels are)  
He reconcil'd the **R O Y A L P A I R**!  
How *Faction-sick*, nay, *dead's* become,  
While he Administers at Home!  
And, how all *Europe's* more at Peace,  
Than, *ever yet*, in former Days!  
Our Credit *High*! Inrich'd our *Trade*!  
Our Debts, *ev'n without Money*, paid!

Yes, certainly it must be so,  
For these *High Themes*, my Rhime's too *Low*.  
*I cannot, must not,* on them dwell,  
For though, in Metre, I might tell,  
*And Metre Good*) how I withdraw  
To *Ireland*, to go to *Law*;  
Yet, surely this will ne'er suffice  
To sing the Statesman, *Learn'd and Wise*;  
Nor make my *Verse* swell, to the End,  
With **G E O R G E**'s Favourite and Friend:  
And so I'm in a *bad Condition*! —  
Well! since I can't Rhime, *I'll Petition*.

My L O R D, then, that I may conclude,  
(*For being Tedious, is being Rude*)  
Make me (to fill my earnest Wish up)  
*An English Dean, or Irish Bishop.*

And your Petitioner will ever pray,

J. S.



A Familiar



A Familiar  
**A N S W E R**  
 To the foregoing  
**E P I S T L E.**

**D**EAR Smed. altho' I'm press'd with Cares,  
 Thy *Lovely Lines* command my Ears;  
 Her *Levities* I can't refuse,  
 So gay, so wanton is thy Muse.

By Nature form'd for two great Ends,  
*At once to Smile, and please your Friends.*  
 Rude or Unbred you cannot be,  
 Thou'rt welcome, *Jonathan*, to me,  
 Whether you come by Day or Night,  
 Whether you chuse to speak or write;

But when you write, I own 'tis sweeter,  
And chiefly when you write in *Metre*.

Check not your *Muse's* tow'ring Flight,  
*Nor do not Think before you Write.*  
Thy Lines with so much Musick fall,  
That they require no Thought at all.  
What, tho' my Hours important are,  
With Glorious Peace, or Lawful War?  
I'll make Peace, War, or War a Peace,  
Just as dear J——n shall please.

By all means, let her write in haste,  
In spight of Judgment and of Taste.  
For, what have either, Sir, to do  
Either with what You write, or You?  
Tho' Sciences by Modern Thought  
Are to a high Perfection brought,  
And are my Fav'rites, yet of course  
Thy Lines have fifty times their force.  
When once upon your Stile I look,  
I cannot bear another Book.  
Whether recorded be the Lore  
Of all the Writers heretofore.

*A Letter coming from Kinsale;*  
*Not do? O Lord, it cannot fail!*

What, tho' the Climate's cloudy there?

You are the Sun that clears their Air;

Disperses all their Fog and Vapour

By Magick of your Pen on Paper;

The shining Gleams of what you think,

Make shining Verse and shining Ink.

So that the Clouds of course must fly

When you look upwards to the Sky.

*What you of Stocks and Bubbles tell, —*

I'm glad your Wife and Children's well.

May your sweet Muse for ever Chime,

Don't sink your Love for me and Rhyme.

Ah! rather sink your Love for me,

Than quit the Thoughts of Poetry;

For should you sink your Rhime to Prose,

Oh! what a Bard the World would lose.

Yes, 'tis to me that at Kinsale  
Your Claret's bad, and worse your Ale!

And should be vext were not your Rum  
As good as is in Christendom.

GOD bless the KING, you say. Amen.  
I say, GOD bless the KING again.

Now, Faith I own I'm in a Huff,  
You call your Poem trifling Stuff;

To say such things is most provoking!  
And so, I hope you were but joking.  
I cannot bear you should abuse  
So Delicate and Chaste a Muse;  
She's clear, she's sweet, she's pure, she's Terse,  
Sound in her Sense, and smooth her Verse.  
With Female Softness, Manly Lines,  
At once she Languishes and Shines.  
And truly, Sir, I'm of your Mind,  
Old Bards are not of Claslick kind.  
But *You*, and *Pope*, and *Addison*,  
And *Garth*, and *Welsford* are, I own;  
Yes, certainly it must be so,  
For you fly high, and they fly low.

Present my Love to *Griffy Beven*,  
And to the other *Six or Seven*:  
And to the *Joker Bowler Billy*;  
Tell them, if they to *Piccadilly*  
Should come with you, they all should find  
How well I am to *Jokes* inclin'd.

Once more, think not before you write,  
Upon my Soul 'twill spoil you quite.  
A Plague o' this *corrected Age*,  
That you should fear it! stirs my Rage;  
For if this Age does stand corrected,  
By you it ought to be neglected;

*Who pass your Curious well-spent Time  
In high-swell'd Verse, and Modern Rhyme.*

*What you have said of Addison,  
Of Garth and Philips is, I own,  
Correct, and shews the hottest Fire,  
That e'er a Genius did inspire.*

*Tickle and Welstid you pursue,*

*In Stile Correct, and Manner New,*

*Which none besides your self could do.*

*Your Judgment of our State appears,*

*In what you've said of State-Affairs.*

*For which I wish you'd come and stand*

*A while to ease thy —*

*And thus you'll give your Friend such Ease*

*As Atlas gave to Hercules.*

I know you, Sir, you've too good Sense

\* To trust at all to Providence;

And therefore like a Man of Wisdom,

Would rather trust to mine than his Dome:

Depend upon it, Sir, I'll dish-up

Your Worship to a *Dean or Bishop.*

\* The Meaning of this depends upon a private Story.



P O S T C R I P T.

YOU tell me, Smed. that you'll withdraw  
To IRELAND, there to go to Law.  
You cannot, *must not*, Sir, be Wise,  
d smoak your Pipe and draw your Tythes.



EPI



# E P I T A P H I U M

I N

*Ducem Buck. sem*

Per Seipsum Scriptum.

**P**RO Rege Sepe,  
Pro Republica Semper.

*Dubius, non Improbus vixi,*  
*Incertus, non Perturbatus morior.*

*Christum adveneror,*  
*In Deo solo confido Eterno & Omnipotenti.*  
*Ens Entium miserere mei!*



*Thus*



*Thus Imitated.*

FOR ev'ry Prince that hit my Fancy,  
 (For Instance, *Charles*, and *James*, and *Nancy*)  
 I had by Turns a Share of Zeal;  
 But was Old DOG at Publick Weal.  
 I've had my Doubts, as all Men should,  
 Yet liv'd as honest as I could.  
 What comes, when we resign our Breath,  
 I know not. — Yet a Fig for DEATH.  
 — s I like, but cannot take him,  
 For what some fond Enthusiasts make him.  
 In GOD alone I put my Trust,  
 Because he's Merciful, and Just.  
 Of all things Great, thou great Beginner,  
 Take Pity on a Garter'd SINNER!



*And*



*And Thus. By a LADY.*

**F**OR KING<sup>S</sup> some Services I've done,  
But always lov'd dear *Forty One*.  
I liv'd of no One Church profest,  
As not well knowing which was best;  
A Neuter both to Good and Evil,  
Far from a Saint; nor yet a Devil.  
Not well assur'd of Bliss I die,  
Yet come what will come, what care I?  
**C**HRI<sup>S</sup>T I revere, yet question whether  
He's GOD or MAN, or both together.  
In GOD alone firm Trust I have,  
For GOD alone has Pow'r to save.  
**O** Thou of things blest Source, and Giver,  
Give Mercy to this Medley LIVER!



*And*



And Thus.

To the Tune of, *Pretty Sally*.

**I**N Doubt I liv'd,  
By Gaming thriv'd,  
Yet dy'd at last untroubled;  
Tho' Middleton,  
The Hogman's Son,  
Of Life and Wealth I bubbled.  
I honour'd Vice,  
Lov'd Cards and Dice,  
Did Chance alone confide in;  
Now gone to H---ll,  
Pray who can tell  
What Faith I liv'd or dy'd in?



**SONG.**



## SONG.

I.

**T**WAS when the Sun began to shine,  
**T**A Nymph as *Phœbus* self Divine,  
**A**Nymph as *Phœbus* self Divine,  
 Sat singing in a Shade.  
 And as the Moments slid along,  
 This was the Burthen of her Song,  
 This was the Burthen of her Song,  
 She would not die a MAID.

II.

A Shepherd heard her tuneful Tale.  
 He strait appear'd, the Nymph grew pale,  
 When he appear'd, &c.  
 He flew unto her Aid.  
 He caught the Fair One in his Arms,  
 And gaz'd, and swore by all her Charms,  
 And gaz'd, &c.  
 She should not die a MAID.

III. She

## III.

She rudely push'd the Swain away,  
Whilst with her Eyes she bad him stay,  
Whilst, &c.

Those Eyes her Heart betray'd.  
The Shepherd all her Scorn defies,  
He sees it written in her Eyes,  
He sees, &c.

She would not die a MAID.

## IV.

In vain she sighs, and sobs, and cries,  
And strives unwillingly to rise,  
And strives, &c.

The Shepherd to upbraid.  
That was, alas! the fatal Plain,  
And he the happy, happy Swain;  
And since he was the happy Swain,  
How could she die a MAID?

## V.

The Shepherd weary of Delays,  
Upon a Bank his Goddess lays,  
Upon, &c.

And there her Charms display'd.

G

But

But when she felt Love's pleasing Dart,  
I'm glad, says she, with all my Heart,  
I'm glad, &c.

I shall not die a MAID.

VI.

Thus clasp'd within the Fair One's Arms,  
He rifled all her Store of Charms,  
He rifled, &c.

As some have boldly said ;  
But this I humbly do conceive,  
And this I hope you will believe,  
And this, I'll swear, I do believe,  
She did not die a MAID.



THE



# THE B U B B L E.

---

*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto ;  
Arma virum, tabulaque & Troja gaza per undas.* Virg.

---

**V**E wise Philosophers explain,  
What Magick makes our Money rise,  
When dropt into the Southern Main,  
Or do these Juglers cheat our Eyes?

Put in your Money fairly told ;  
Presto, be gone —— 'Tis here agen.  
Ladies, and Gentlemen, behold,  
Here's ev'ry Piece as big as Ten.

Thus, in a Basin, drop a Shilling,  
Then fill the Vessel to the Brim ;  
You shall observe as you are filling,  
The pond'rous Mettle seems to swim.

It rises both in Bulk and Height,  
Behold it mounting to the Top ;  
The liquid Medium cheats your Sight,  
Behold it swelling like a Sop.

In stock Three Hundred Thousand Pounds ;  
I have in View a Lord's Estate ;  
My Mannors all contiguous round ;  
A Coach and Six, and serv'd in Plate !

Thus the deluded Bankrupt raves,  
Puts all upon a des'prate Bett ;  
Then plunges in the *Southern Waves*,  
Dipt over Head and Ears — in Debt.

So, by a Calenture misled,  
The Mariner with Rapture sees,  
On the smooth Ocean's Azure Bed,  
Enamel'd Fields, and verdant Trees.

With eager haste he longs to rove  
In that fantastick Scene, and thinks

It must be some enchanted Grove ;  
And in he leaps, and down he sinks.

Two Hundred Chariots just bespoke,  
Are sunk in these devouring Waves ;

The Horses drown'd, the Harness broke,  
And here the Owners find their Graves.

Like Pharaoh, by DIRECTORS led,  
They with their Spoils went safe before,  
His Chariots tumbling out the Dead,  
Lay shatter'd on the Red-Sea Shore.

Rais'd up on Hope's aspiring Plumes,  
The young Advent'rer o'er the Deep  
An Eagle's Flight and State assumes,  
And scorns the middle Way to keep :

On Paper-Wings he takes his Flight,  
With Wax the Feather bound 'em fast ;  
The Wax is melted by the Height,  
And down the tow'ring Boy is cast.

A Moralist might here explain  
The Rashness of the Cretan Youth,  
Describe his Fall into the Main,  
And from a Fable form a Truth.

150 MISCELLANY POEMS.

His *Wings* are his *Paternal Rent*,  
He melts his *Wax* at ev'ry Flame;  
His Credit sunk, his Money spent,  
*In Southern Seas* he leaves his Name.

Inform us, you, that best can tell,  
Why in yon dang'rous Gulph profound,  
Where Hundreds, and where Thousands fell,  
Fools chiefly float, the *Wise* are drown'd.

So have I seen from *Severn's Brink*,  
A Flock of *Geese* jump down together;  
Swim where the Bird of *Jove* would sink,  
And swimming, never wet a Feather.

But I affirm, 'tis false in Fact,  
DIRECTORS better know their Tools;  
We see the Nation's Credit crackt,  
Each Knave hath made a Thousand Fools.

One Fool may from another win,  
And then get off with Money stor'd;  
But if a *Sharper* once comes in,  
He throws at all, and sweeps the Board.

As Fishes on each other prey,  
The Great ones swallowing up the Small;

So fares it in the *Southern Sea*,  
But **DIRECTORS** eat up all.

When *Stock* is high, they come between,  
Making by second-hand their Offers;  
Then cunningly retire unseen,  
With each a Million in his Coffers.

So when upon a Moon-shine Night,  
An *Aſſ* was drinking at a Stream;  
A Cloud arose, and stop'd the Light,  
By intercepting ev'ry Beam.

The Day of Judgment will be soon,  
Cries out a Sage among the Crowd;  
An *Aſſ* hath swallow'd up the Moon,  
The Moon lay safe behind the Cloud.

Each poor *Subscriber to the Sea*  
Sinks down at once, and there he lies;  
**DIRECTORS** fall as well as they,  
Their Fall is but a Trick to rise.

So Fishes rising from the Main,  
Can soar with moisten'd Wings on high;  
The Moisture dry'd, they sink again,  
And dip their Fins again to fly.

Undone at Play, the Female Troops  
Come here their Losses to retrieve ;  
Ride o'er the Wavess in spacious Hoops,  
Like Lapland Witches in a Sieve.

Thus Venus to the Sea descends,  
As Poets feign ; but where's the Moral ?  
It shews the Queen of Love intends  
To search the Deep for Pearl and Coral.

The Sea is richer than the Land,  
I heard it from my Grannam's Mouth ;  
Which now I clearly understand :  
For by the Sea she meant the South,

Thus by DIRECTORS we are told,  
Pray, Gentlemen, believe your Eyes ;  
Our Ocean's cover'd o'er with Gold,  
Look round about how thick it lies ?

We, Gentlemen, are your Assistors,  
We'll come and hold you by the Chin ;  
Alas ! all is not Gold that glisters,  
Ten Thousand sink by leaping in.

Oh ! would these Patriots be so kind,  
Here in the Deep to wash their Hands ;

Then, like *Pactolus*, we should find,  
The Sea indeed had *Golden Sands..*

A Shilling in the *Bath* you fling,  
The Silver takes a nobler Hue,  
By Magick Virtue in the Spring,  
And seems a Guinea to your View.

But as a Guinea will not pass  
At Market for a Farthing more,  
Shewn thro' a multiplying Glass,  
Than what it always did before ;

So cast it in the *Southern Seas*,  
And view it thro' a *Jobber's Bill* ;  
Put on what *Spectacles* you please,  
Your Guinea's but a Guinea still.

One Night a Fool into a Brook,  
Thus from a *Hillock* looking down,  
The *Golden Stars* for Guinea's took,  
And *Silver Cynthia* for a Crown ;

The Point he could no longer doubt,  
He ran, he leap'd into the Flood ;  
There sprawl'd a while, at last got out,  
All cover'd o'er with Slime and Mud.

## 154 MISCELLANY POEMS.

Upon the Water cast thy Bread,  
 And after many Days thou'l find it ;  
 But Gold upon the Ocean spread  
 Shall sink, and leave no Mark behind it.

There is a Gulph where Thousands fell,  
 Here all the bold Advent'ers came ;  
 A narrow Sound, though deep as Hell,  
*Change-Alley* is the dreadful Name.

Nine times a Day it ebbs and flows,  
 Yet he that on the Surface lies,  
 Without a Pilot seldom knows  
 The Time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

*Subscribers* here by Thousands float,  
 And justle one another down ;  
 Each padling in his leaky Boat,  
 And here they fish for Gold and drown.

\* Now bury'd in the Depth below,  
 Now mounted up to Heav'n again ;  
 They reel and stagger to and fro,  
 At their Wits end, like Drunken Men.

\* Psalm 107.

Mean

MISCELLANY POEMS. 155

Mean time secure on \* Garr'way's Cliffs,  
A Savage Race by Shipwrecks fed,  
Lye waiting for the founder'd Skiffs,  
And strip the Bodies of the Dead.

But these, you say, are factious Lyes,  
From some malicious Tory's Brain ;  
For where DIRECTORS get a Prize,  
The Swiss and Dutch whole Millions drain.

Thus when by Rooks a Lord is ply'd,  
Some Cully often wins a Bett :  
By vent'ring on the Cheating side,  
Tho' not into the Secret let.

While some build Castles in the Air,  
DIRECTORS build 'em in the Seas ;  
Subscribers plainly see 'em there,  
For Fools will see as wise Men please.

Thus oft by Mariners are skewn,  
Unless the Men of Kent are Lyars,  
Earl Goodwin's Castles over-flown,  
And Castle-Roofs, and Steeple-Spires.

---

\* Coffee-House in Change-Alley.

Mark where the sly DIRECTORS creep,  
Nor to the Shoar approach too nigh;  
The Monsters nestle in the Deep,  
To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the Dogs of Nile, be wise,  
Who taught, by Instinct, how to shun  
The Crocodile, that lurking lies,  
Run as they drink, and drink and run!

*Antæus* could, by Magick Charms  
Recover Strength whene'er he fell;  
*Alcides* held him by his Arms,  
And sent him up in Air to Hell.

DIRECTORS thrown into the Sea,  
Recover Strength and Vigour there;  
But may be tam'd another Way,  
Suspended for a while in Air.

DIRECTORS! for 'tis you I warn,  
By long Experience we have found  
What Planet rul'd when you were born,  
We see you never can be drown'd;

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,  
Nor come within your Cully's Reach;

For if the Sea should sink so low,  
To leave you dry upon the Beach;

You'll owe your Ruin to your Bulk,  
Your Foes already waiting stand,  
To tear you like a founder'd Hulk,  
While you lie helpless on the Sand.

Thus, when a Whale hath lost the Tide,  
The Coasters crow'd to feize the Spoil;  
The Monster into Parts divide,  
And strip the Bone, and melt the Oil.

Oh! may some *Western Tempests* sweep  
Those *Locusts*, whom our Fruits have fed,  
That Plague, *DIRECTORS!* to the Deep,  
Driv'n from the *South-Sea* to the *Red*.

May He, whom Nature's *Laws* obey,  
Who lifts the Poor, and sinks the Proud,  
Quiet the Raging of the *Sea*,  
And still the Madness of the *Croud*.

But never shall our Isle have Rest,  
Till these devouring Swine run down,  
(*The Devil's leaving the Possest*)  
And headlong in the *Waters* drown.

The Nation then too late will find,  
Computing all their Cost and Trouble,

DIRECTORS Promises but Wind,  
*South-Sea at best a mighty BUBBLE.*



### *The PAINTER.*

**T**O try a mighty PAINTER's Art,  
Who boasted to excel,  
And beautify each Nat'r'al Part,  
Tho' featur'd ne'er so well.

JOVE bid him draw *Belinda's Face*,  
Her dear deluding Eyes;  
Do this, says he, and add one Grace,  
And you have won the Prize.





## A

## BALLAD.

**P**ardon, Great *A-----E*, what here is writ,  
A Moment's Time consider it,  
Then, Madam, do as you think fit  
hereafter.

Let not the *French Champaigne* go down,  
Burn his rich Silks, and wear your own,  
Or else you'll fill this wond'ring Town  
with Laughter.

What stops your Arms? What makes you pause?  
Push on, it is a glorious Cause,  
Let not a beaten Prince give Laws  
to Britain.

That

That you should first lead up the Dance,  
 To make a scurvy Peace with *France*,  
 When you to *Paris* might advance.

Is't fitting?

If *Spain* and *India* he preserve,  
*BRITAIN* for want of Trade may starve.  
 Those that advise to it deserve

the Gallows.

Be not thus banter'd by your Foes,  
 Call back again your *Plenipo's*,  
 Go, pull the *Hector* by the Nose.

in's Palace.

You never can Assistance lack,  
 Send home *Uxel* and *Polignac* ;  
 Bid *Lewis* call his Grandson Back

and take him.

Or treat with him where Cannons roar,  
 And if he will not own your Power,  
 Send *Marlbro'* to the Field once more,

he'll make him.

Each honest Peer has told his Mind,  
 Our Commons still will Money find,  
 Your Soldiers are to fight inclin'd,

what hinders

MISCELLANY POEMS. 161

But you your shatter'd Foes may beat,  
Advance your Arms to *Paris* Gate,  
Insult his Coast, and burn his Fleet

to Cinders?

Why should you be led by the Nose,  
When you have Nine Years beat your Foes?  
Hell, or the Lord of O-----d knows,

or no Man.

Be counsell'd by your House of Peers,  
Then hang the Knaves that buz your Ears,  
And fill your Head with panick Fears

Of Woman.

To make a haughty Monarch bow  
The Mighty *WILLIAM* taught you how,  
Who in Politick Word said now

or never.

Discard the Knav that brought you in,  
Let *Marlbro'* once more meet *Eugene*,  
And they'll make you a Glorious QUEEN

for ever.

P R O-



PROLOGUE  
TO THE  
COMEDY  
CALLED  
*Chitt-Chatt.*

PHE ugly Beau by frequent use of Glass,  
Instead of hating, comes to like his Face,  
And grows the Plague of ev'ry publick Place.  
Just so it fares with Fops of Phæbus Strain,  
They read their Nonsense o'er and o'er again,  
And find strange Charms in what gives others Pain.

This

This from our Author, I am bid to say,  
As some Excuse for his first *Coup d' Essay*.  
At once he boldly soars to highest Life,  
And paints a very, very modish Wife.  
In whose Example this sad Truth appears,  
The Husband's hated for his Worth, not Years;  
They crave for Fops, as Girls green Fruit devour,  
Not that 'tis young, but that they love what's fow'r.  
But one Word more for these loose following Scenes;  
Ye all will ask what 'tis the Scribbler means?  
Where is the Order, Method, the Design,  
And all that makes a well-wrought *Drama* shine?  
Why, if his Conduct merits not Applause,  
Consider, Sirs, they are your Lives he draws.  
As for his Wit, if that be under-grown,  
Make it not less, by making it your own,  
And then for Moral: Faith, like you, he has none.  
His Plot, he's sure, will plead for ev'ry Fault,  
Such deep Designs no *Spanish Priest* e'er thought,  
Nor darker *Machiavel* to *Borgia* taught.  
Observe him well, ye Learn'd in State-Intrigues,  
Who deal in Politicks and Powder'd-Wigs:  
Your Schemes, as soon as form'd, are all reveal'd;  
But here the Action's done, and yet the Plot's conceal'd.



On the Late  
**QUEEN'S**  
**Birth-Day.**

**R**OM this Auspicious Day three Kingdoms  
 Date  
 The fairest Favours of indulgent Fate:  
 From this the Months in radiant Circle run,  
 As Stars receive their Lustre from the Sun.

To You the Scepters of all *Europe* Bend,  
 The Victor *Those* revere, and *These* the Friend;  
 Your silken Reigns the willing Nations crave,  
 For 'tis your lov'd Prerogative to save.

Mild amidst Triumphs, Victory bestows  
On You Renown, and Freedom on your Foes :  
Observant of Your Will, the Goddess brings  
Palms in her Hand, and healing in her Wings,

But as the brightest Beams and gentlest Show'rs,  
Were once reserv'd for *Eden's* op'ning Flow'rs ;  
So, tho' remoter Realms Your Influence share,  
**BRITANNIA** boasts to be Your Darling-Care.  
By Your great Wisdom, and resistless Might,  
Abroad we Conquer, and at Home Unite.  
What Pow'r can then forbid the Warrior **QUEEN**,  
To wave the Red-Cross Banner o'er the *Seine* ?  
Others for Titles urge the Soldiers Toil,  
Or chiefly seek the Foe to seize the Spoil ;  
But You for Right Your pious Arms employ,  
And conquer to Restore and not Destroy :  
Vouchsafing Audience to Your suppliant Foes,  
You long to give the lab'ring World repose ;  
Concurring Justice waits from You the Word,  
Pleas'd, when You fix the Scales, to sheath the Sword.

From this propitious Omen we presage  
Unnumber'd Blessings to the coming Age :  
Establish'd Faith, the Daughter of the Skies,  
Shall see New Temples by your Bounty rise :  
Commerce beneath the Southern Stars shall thrive,  
Intestine Feuds expire, and Arts revive ;

Safe

Safe in their Shades the Muses shall remain,  
And sing the milder Glories of your Reign.

So, whilst offended Heav'n exerts its Power,  
Swift fly the Light'nings, loud the Cannons roar;  
But when our Incense reconciles the Skies,  
Again the radiant Beams begin to rise;  
Soft Zephyrs gently waft the Clouds away,  
And fragrant Flow'r's perfumie the dawning Day;  
The Groves around rejoice with echoing Strain,  
And golden Plenty covers all the Plain.



PRO-



# PROLOGUE TO THE Fifth of November, 1716.

**W**ELL are you met to see what Thanks we  
pay,  
To Him, who sav'd us on this glorious  
Day.

The yester Sun the happy *Hero* bore,  
And the next gave him to *Britannia's* Shore,  
As if Heaven's Care would have it understood,  
His first Employment here was Publick Good.  
From him our Author strove his Prince to Paint;  
And tho' his Strokes are weak and Colours faint,

Yet

Yet take once more his Labours in good Part,  
And spare bad Numbers for an honest Heart.

Oh! may the great Original survive,  
And in our grateful Thoughts for ever live;  
His Praise our Children's Children shall confess,  
And Ages yet to come Immortal WILLIAM bles.  
Behold how thick his Bouties round us crowd,  
Our Freedom, Laws, and Peace by him bestow'd:  
He our old Line of conq'ring Kings restor'd,  
And gave us from Plantagenet a Lord;  
Our Royal GEORGE, at whose rever'd Commands,  
To juster Leagues submit the Neighb'ring Lands,  
And mend the wicked Work of bungling Hands.  
Nor is his Goodness to his own confin'd,  
But giv'n a gen'ral Largeſs to Mankind.  
See how kind Providence has ſent him forth,  
To plant his Olives in the frozen North;  
To bid the Rage of barb'rous Nations ceafe,  
And ſooth the rugged ~~World~~ World to Peace.  
Oh! when will he the Publick Joy restore,  
And chear his Britain's long-expecting Shore?  
Oh! when indulgent to the filial Pray'r,  
Will he relieve the Royal Youth from Care;  
Receive the Sceptre from his duteous Hand,  
And bless the pious Guardian of the Land?  
Then ſhall the Rebel-Race, whose Pow'r lies low,  
Whose stubborn Necks with Indignation bow,

## MISCELLANY POEMS.

१०६

No more with fruitless Rage the Land molest,  
But let their Country in her King be blest :  
His wish'd Return submissive shall they meet,  
And weep repenting at his gracious Feet ;  
No longer let his Mercy lost complain,  
But shew him that he has not spar'd in vain.



# H                  THE

No



THE  
*Protestant Toasts.*



I LL the Glasses all round,  
Let the Musick resound.

To the Healths which we Britons re-  
quire:

First, To GEORGE, our Great KING,  
Whilst we merrily sing,  
For He always will Gladness inspire.

In Peace or in War,  
He makes it his Care,  
His Subjects just Rights to defend,  
And neglects his own Ease,  
While he strives to increase  
Both the Riches and Strength of the Land.

His

His generous Mind  
 To our Welfare inclin'd  
 Those Illustrious Qualities grace,  
 Which did heretofore move  
 All Popular Love,  
 And adorn'd the *PLANTAGENET* Race.

Next, as we begun,  
 To the *HERO*, his *S O N*,  
 Whose bright Vertues we justly admire:  
 With the same Noble Views,  
 The same Ends he pursues,  
 And will tread in the Steps of his Sire.

Then let us Carouse,  
 To the *PRINCESS*, his *S P O U S E*,  
 And remember her Piety try'd;  
 Who, adhering to Truth,  
 In the Bloom of her Youth,  
 For Religion an Empire deny'd.

To their Off-spring so Gay,  
 From the Dawn of whose Day,  
 We may promise our selves future Bliss;  
 And, in distant Years,  
 Unmolested by Fears,  
 Shall rejoice, as we now do in This.

None here will deny us  
 The Memory Pious  
 Of glorious *NASSAU*, and his Queen;  
 C-----k's Pr-----te, in spite  
 Of his Stars, may still write,  
 We will laugh at his Nonsense and Spleen.

Now a Bumper we claim  
 For brave *MARLBROUGH*; his Fame  
 Far transcends all the Warriors of Old;  
 Our Esteem does engage,  
 And in each coming Age,  
 Shall amaze when his Story is told.

Like Respect let us shew,  
 To *STANHOPE*; 'tis due;  
 All the World his *Integrity* charms:  
 His Actions reveal  
 A True Patriot's Zeal,  
 And he shines both in Arts and in Arms.

Pour the Wine out again,  
 Let no Man refrain,  
 Since 'tis *SUNDERLAND*'s Health we demand;  
 He well merits Applause,  
 Who in Liberty's Cause,  
 Will at all Times intrepidly stand.

Then NEWCASTLE, long  
 The Mæcenas of Song,  
 For a TOAST we will gratefully chuse;  
 To all Loyal Hearts  
 He his Bounty imparts,  
 And shall ever be prais'd by the Muse.

Here's to all who avow  
 The same Principles now  
 Which in dangerous Times they profest;  
 Such will firmly support  
 Our True Protestant Court,  
 And the Nation with Such may be blest.

Thus each Night when we meet,  
 Our Mirth we'll repeat,  
 And the Jacobites Rage still defy;  
 They build their Chief Hope  
 On the Swede, and the Pope;  
 On KING GEORGE only we will rely.





THE

# *Midsummer-WISH.*

---

*O, qui me gelidis in Vallibus Hæmi  
Sistat, & ingenti ramorum protegat Umbra!*

---

## I.



AFT me, some soft and cooling Breeze,  
To Windsor's shady kind Retreat,  
Where Silvan Scenes, wide-spreading  
Trees,  
Repel the raging Dog-Star's Heat.

II. Where

## II.

Where tufted Grass and mossy Beds  
 Afford a Rural calm Repose ;  
 Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,  
 And fragrant Sweets around disclose.

## III.

Old ouzy *Thames*, that flows fast by,  
 Along the smiling Valley plays ;  
 His glassy Surface cheats the Eye,  
 And thro' the flow'ry Meadows strays,

## IV.

His fertile Banks, with Herbage green,  
 His Vales with golden Plenty swell ;  
 Where-e'er his purer Stream is seen,  
 The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

## V.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave,  
 With naked Arm once more divide ;  
 In thee my glowing Bosome lave,  
 And stem thy gentle-rolling Tide.

## VI.

Lay me with Damask-Roses crown'd,  
 Beneath some Ozier's dusky Shade;  
 Where Water-Lillies paint the Ground,  
 And bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

## VII.

Let chaste Clarinda too be there,  
 With Azure Mantle lightly drest;  
 Ye Nymphs! bind up her silken Hair,  
 Ye Zephyrs! fan her panting Breast.

## VIII.

O haste away, fair Maid! and bring  
 The Muse, the kindly Friend to Love;  
 To thee alone the Muse shall sing,  
 And warble thro' the vocal Grove.



SONG.



## SONG.

**M**yrtilla, like Time, is always a flying,  
She regards not my Tears, nor pities my Sighing,  
But when she slips by me, oh! then I complain,  
Nor Wishes, nor Words can recal her again.

Then, my Friend, be advis'd, for old Time has, you  
know,  
A Lock on his Forehead, Myrtilla below:  
And if you would have her to fly you no more,  
To hold her, like Time, you must take her before.

## Thus Translated Extempore.

**M**E Myrtilla fugit rapidâ velocior hora  
Sistitur haud lachrymis illa, nec hora, meis:  
Deserto extorquet miseris fugitiva querelas,  
Injiciet nullam maesta querela moram.

Chare Puer, crines (experto crede Sodali)

Tempus fronte gerit, ventre Puella Suos.

An Tempus Nymphamne velis retinere? capillos

Et Nympha & Tempus, quos habet ante, cape.

## SONG.

Fond *Orpheus* went, as Poets tell,  
To bring *Euridice* from Hell;  
There he might hope to find a Wife,  
The Pest and Bane of Human Life.

The Damn'd from all their Pains were eas'd,  
Not that his Musick so much pleas'd,  
But that the Oddness of the Matter  
Had justly made their Wonder greater.

*Pluto* enrag'd that any He  
Should enter his Dominions free,  
And to inflict the Sharpest Pain,  
Made him an Husband once again.

But yet in Justice to his Voice,  
He left it still within his Choice;  
If, as a Curse, he'd not refuse her,  
And taught him by a Look to lose her.



EPilogue  
TO THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
*Busiris, King of Egypt.*



HE Race of Criticks, dull judicious Rogues,  
To mournful Plays deny brisk Epilogues.  
Each gentle Swain and tender Nymph, say  
they,

From a sad Tale should go in Tears away,  
From hence, quite home, should Streams of Sorrows  
shed,  
And drown'd in Grief steal supperless to Bed.

This

This Doctrine is so grave, the Sparks won't bear it,  
They love to go in. Humour to their Claret,  
The Cit, who owns a little Fun worth buying,  
Holds Half-a-Crown too much to pay for Crying.  
Besides, who knows without these healing Arts,  
But Love might turn our Heats, and break our Hearts;  
And the poor Author, by imagin'd Woes,  
Might people Bedlam with our Belles and Beaux?

Hence I, who lately bid Adieu to Plea<sup>sure</sup>,  
Robb'd of my Spouse, and my dear Virgin<sup>Treasure</sup>,  
I, whom you saw despairing breathe my last,  
Am free and easy, as if nought had past;  
Again put on my Airs, and play my Fan,  
And fear no more that dreadful Creature, M A N.  
— But whence does this malicious Mirth begin? —  
I know, ye Beasts, you reckon it a Sin.

"Tis strange that Crimes the same, in diff'rent Plays,  
Should move our Horror, and our Laughter raise.  
Love's Joy secure the Comick Actor try's,  
And if he's wicked in Blank Verse, he dies.  
The Farce, where Wives prove frail, still takes the best,  
And the poor Cuckold is a standing Jest:  
But our grave Bard, a virtuous Son of Isis,  
Counts a bold Stroke in Love among the Vices,

In Blood and Wounds a guilty Land he dips ye,  
And wafts an Empire for one ravish'd Gipsy.

What musty Morals fill an Oxford Head,  
To Notions of Pedantick Virtue bred!  
There each stiff Don at Gallantry exclaims,  
And calls fine Men and Ladies filthy Names;  
They tell you Rakes and Jilts corrupt a Nation;  
— Such is the Prejudice of Education!

You, who know better things, will sure approve  
Those Scenes, that shew the boundless Pow'r of Love.  
Let, when they will, th' Italian Things appear,  
This Play, we trust, shall throng an Audience here,  
Bold Myron's Passion, up to Frenzy wrought,  
Would ill be warbled thro' an Eunuch's Throat;  
His Part, at least, his Part requires a MAN;  
Let Nicolini act it if he can.





*Upon one who was brib'd whilst he was at Church  
to Vote contrary to his Promise.*

ONE Hand and Eye erect, were close engag'd  
In Pray'r, and holy War with Heav'n wag'd;  
The other Eye obliquely view'd the Gold,  
Which into t'other Hand was slyly told:  
What! brib'd within the consecrated Walls!  
Strange Magick Pow'r of Gold to hush the Calls  
Of sacred Promises, dissolve the Ties  
Of Oaths! was this thy Morning-Sacrifice?  
Transcendent Knave! who could have closer trod,  
Thy Friend *Iscariot's* Steps, who sold his-God?  
Transcript of *Judas!* Go, refund the Pelf,  
Then, like thy great *Exemplar*, hang thy self.





# S T A T U A

In Gloriosam Memoriam

# GEORGIJ

Primi, Magnæ Britanniæ, Regis.

*Auspice Deo*  
**GEORGIUS PRIMUS,**

Magnæ Britanniæ Franciæ & Hiberniæ,

*Rex,*

*Fideique Defensor*

*Semper Augustus*

*Libertatis Angliæ Vindex*

*Ad eoq;*

*Alter Regni & Nomine & Omine Patronus*

*Imo*

*Verus Sancti GEORGIJ Antitypus*

*Quippe*

*Draconem*

*Draconem pestiferum rursus ingruentem  
Facile repressit, delevit,  
Populamq; periclitantem  
A Servitate atque Interitu vindicavit.*

*Sit*

*Omnipotenti DEO*

*Gloria*

*Et*

*Georgio Liberatori*

*Posteritatique Suæ*

*Felix, Faustum ac Sempiternum*

*Imperium.*



ON



O N

# Conscience.

**C**ONSCIENCE, thou home-felt Friend, or  
innate Foe,  
Impartial Arbiter of Bliss, or Woe ;  
From thee in vain, with hasty Speed we run,  
We carry with us what our Flight would shun.  
Thee, the proud *Victor*, 'midst his Triumphs hears,  
Without elated, but within he fears,  
Tho' Murmurs break from his applauding Crowd,  
Thy Voice is gentle — but it speaks as loud ;  
Thy secret Whisper checks his mounting Pride,  
*Externals* vail thee, yet they cannot hide.  
Unseen Companion of our Day-light Schemes,  
Secret Awak'ner of our Mid-night Dreams ;

O N

In

In vain the warbling Lyre, or flowing Bowl,  
 Defy thy Force, or would thy Pow'r controul;  
 You enter silent with a careful Wing,  
 And pall the Draught, and sigh upon the String.

*Atheists*, with Vanity of Wit undone,  
 See thee at distance — and cry out — be gone.  
 You go — an Interval of Mirth succeeds,  
 Deep in the Heart increasing Folly breeds;  
 Till some new Stroke the giddy Mind alarms,  
 And Fear returning gives thee double Arms.  
 Then, ye sad Sons of Shame and Sorrow tell  
 How deep the Torture, and how fierce the Hell!  
 A Hell, that does like Starts of Madness shew,  
 But diff'rent in the Pain — these Wretches know —  
 Like one surrounded with a Ring of Swords,  
 Where Fate no Passage for the Limbs affords;  
 He fears them all, from all he fearing bounds,  
 And only proves Variety of Wounds.  
 Such are the Stings that angry *Conscience* darts,  
 So presses ev'ry way the guilty Hearts.

But, O! thou art not always thus — sweet Guest,  
 Thou canst as well compose the troubled Breast.  
 When Man reviews himself with Thought sincere,  
 And sees his Actions fair, his Bosome clear;  
 No unrepented Trace of Sin behind,  
 To taint and rankle in the fester'd Mind,

The Soul well-pleas'd, its own fair Picture loves,  
And Conscience ratifies, what Heav'n approves.

Then Peace is sown within, the pregnant Seed  
Quickens with active Life, and Blessings breed ;  
The Face with social Humour shines, the Eye  
Darts Joy, the Hand is ready to supply,  
And Heav'n is half obtain'd ————— before we die. }



Sylvia's



# *Sylvia's Complaint*

T O

# C A T O.

I S true; unknowing of the distant Coast,  
I ventur'd out, and in the Storm was lost.  
With Ruins all the Sea was cover'd o'er,  
And not one Wreck came floating to the  
Shore.

This soon dispers'd my Train of airy Schemes,  
As Men, when wak'd, regret their golden Dreams;  
All Night in boundless Luxury they reign,  
Till Day brings back their Poverty again.

Such was my Fate; when I in Fancy roll'd  
O'er Heaps of vain imaginary Gold.

My

My Strephon then my Passion sought to move,  
And breath'd his Mercenary Vows and Love;  
Charm'd with my Riches, and my Fortune's Slave,  
Each New Subscription a new Beauty gave.  
(Lur'd by the Scent of Wealth, your Sex can come,  
And Sigh their Souls out for a Female Plumb.  
They find strange Charms in Equipage, and fix  
Ten Thousand Beauties on a Coach and Six.)  
To Strepohns Sight my dazzling Thousands rise,  
And pointed ev'ry Light'ning of my Eyes;  
His Love by just Degrees he could reveal,  
It rose with South-Sea, and with South-Sea fell.  
So the Barometer obeys the Air,  
Sinks to the Storm, but rises in the Fair.  
*Ab me! I'm forc'd from MERCURY to prove  
At once the Cure, and Simile of Love.*

But see, and pity my unhappy State,  
Weigh well, and change the Measures of my Fate;  
When Stocks to such a narrow Channel ran,  
His Love grew languid, and ebb'd back again;  
Then all my Form of some new Flaws was full,  
And my past Beauties turn'd to Ridicule.  
My Charms grew nauseous in my Lover's Thoughts,  
Whose Fancy found imaginary Faults;  
A Pimple came for ev'ry Pearl I sold,  
My Lips, which he so much ador'd of old,  
Lost all their Rubies, when I lost my Gold.

Now

Now the surprizing Change enhanc'd my Woes,  
And as each Guinea fell, a Pimple rose.  
Yet still our Pride allow'd of no Decrease,  
Our Hoops grew larger, as our Fortunes less.  
Oh! that our Patriots had pleas'd to move,  
Some kind Redress for Sufferers in Love.  
But we frail WOMEN find it to our Cost,  
There's no *Redeemables* in Love that's lost.  
Sure Beauty's Goddess, as the Poets tell,  
Rose from one Sea, but in another fell.  
And here in vain is Cupid's Arrow sped,  
Which never wounds but with a golden Head.

'Tis tedious to describe the Mourning Maid,  
Tho' dress'd in Silks, and flaming in Brocade;  
Who suffers for her Lover's cancell'd Vows,  
Lost to all Hopes of Fortune, or a Spouse.  
Where-e'er she turns her solitary Feet,  
Some killing Object meets in ev'ry Street.  
To no new Play, or Birth-Night can she gad,  
Nor buy one Ticket for a Masquerade.  
In vain I ogle, and my Eyes to me,  
Serve to no other Purpose but to see.  
Or if to Church sometimes I chance to stray,  
I find no other Bus'ness *but to Pray*;  
Or to long Homilies Attention keep,  
Or seal my unavailing Eyes with Sleep.

No white-Hand Beaus their Eyes on *Sylvia* fix,  
Drawn in a Hackney now, as once in Coach and Six;  
But with an insolent unmindful Air,  
Leave me to hand another from her Chair.

Rise then, and draw thy Pen in the Defence  
of our weak Sex and injur'd Innocence;  
Lash with thy manly Eloquence their Crimes,  
And be once more the Censor of the Times.  
Be Thou the great Knight-Errant of the Fair,  
And shelter ev'ry Virgin with thy Care.  
Let the stern CATO in our Cause engage,  
And be for once the Gallant of the Age.





A

## LETTER

TO

Mr. TICKELL,

Occasion'd by the Death of the Right Honourable

Joseph Addison, Esq;

---

*Tu nunc eris Alter ab Illo. Virg.*


---



Long with Me in Oxford-Groves confind,  
 In social Arts, and sacred Friendship join'd;  
 Fair *Iſis* Sorrow, and fair *Iſis* Boast,  
 Lost from her side, but fortunately lost;  
 Thy wonted Aid, my dear Companion, bring,  
 And teach me thy departed Friend to sing.

A Darling Theme! once pow'rful to Inspire,  
 And now to Melt the Muse's mournful Choir;  
 Now, and now first, we freely dare commend  
 His modest Worth, nor shall our Praise offend.

Early he bloom'd amid the Learned Train,  
 And ravish'd *Isis* listen'd to his Strain;  
 See, see, she cry'd, old *MARO*'s Muse appears,  
 Wak'd from her Slumber of Two Thousand Years:  
 Her finish'd Charms to *ADDISON* she brings,  
 Thinks in his Thought, and in his Numbers sings.  
 All read transported his pure Clasick Page,  
 Read, and forgot their Climate and their Age.

The State, when now his rising Fame was known,  
 Th' unrival'd Genius challeng'd for her own;  
 Nor wou'd, that one for Scenes of Action strong,  
 Shou'd let a Life evaporate in Song.  
 As Health and Strength the brightest Charms dispense,  
 Wit is the Blossom of the soundest Sense;  
 Yet few, how few with lofty Thought inspir'd,  
 With Quickness pointed, and with Rapture fir'd;  
 In conscious Pride, their own Importance find,  
 Blind to themselves, as the hard World is blind!  
 Wit they esteem a gay, but worthless Pow'r,  
 The slight Amusement of a leisure Hour;  
 Unmindful, that conceal'd from vulgar Eyes,  
 Majestick Wisdom wears the bright Disguise.

Poor *Dido* fondled thus, with idle Joy,  
Dread *Cupid* lurking in the *Trojan Boy* ;  
Lightly she toy'd, and trifled with his Charms,  
And knew not that a *God* was in her Arms.

Who greatest Excellence of Thought cou'd boast,  
In Action too have been distinguish'd most.  
This *SOMMERS* knew, and *ADDISON* sent forth,  
From the malignant Regions of the North,  
To be matur'd in more indulgent Skies,  
Where all the Vigour of the Soul can rise,  
Through warmer Veins where sprightlier Spirits run,  
And Sense-enliven'd Sparkles in the Sun.  
With secret Pain the prudent Patriot gave  
The Hopes of *Britain* to the rolling Wave ;  
Anxious, the Charge to all the Stars resign'd,  
And plac'd a Confidence in Sea and Wind.

*Ausonia* soon receiv'd her wond'ring Guest,  
And equal Wonder in her turn confess'd,  
To see her Fervours rival'd by the Pole,  
Her Lustre beaming from a Northern Soul :  
In like Surprise was her *Aeneas* lost,  
To find his Picture grace a Foreign Coast.

Now the wide Field of *Europe* he surveys,  
Compares her K I N G S, her Thrones, and Empires  
weighs,

In ripen'd Judgment, and consummate Thought,  
Great Work! by *NASSAU*'s Favour cheaply brought.

He now returns, to *Britain* a Support,  
Wise in her Senate, graceful in her Court:  
And when the Publick Welfare wou'd permit,  
The Source of Learning, and the Soul of Wit.  
*O WARWICK!* (whom the Muse is fond to Name;  
And kindles, conscious of her future Theme:) *I am a son of O A*  
*O WARWICK!* by Divine Contagion bright,  
How early didst thou catch his Radiant Light!  
By him inspir'd, how shine before thy Time,  
And leave thy Years, and leap into thy Prime!

On some warm Bank thus fortunately born,  
A Rose-bud opens to a Summer's Morn;  
Full blown e'er Noon, her fragrant Pride displays,  
And shews th' Abundance of her Purple Rays.

WIT, as her Bays, was once a barren Tree;  
We now surpriz'd, her fruitful Branches see;  
Or Orange-like, 'till his Auspicious Time  
It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our Clime:  
He first the Plant to richer Gardens led,  
And fix'd indulgent in a warmer Bed.  
The Nation pleas'd, enjoys the rich Produce,  
And gathers from her Ornament her Use.

When loose from Publick Cares the Grove he sought,  
 And fill'd the leisure Interval with Thought;  
 The various Labours of his easy Page;  
 A Chance-Amusement polish'd half an Age.  
 Beyond this Truth, old Bards cou'd scarce invent,  
 Who durst to frame a World by Accident.

What he has sung, how early, and how well,  
 The *Thames* shall boast, and *Roman Tyber* tell.  
 A Glory more sublime remains in store,  
 Since such his Talents, that he sung no more.  
 No fuller Proof of Pow'r th' Almighty gave,  
 Making the Sea, then curbing her proud Wave.

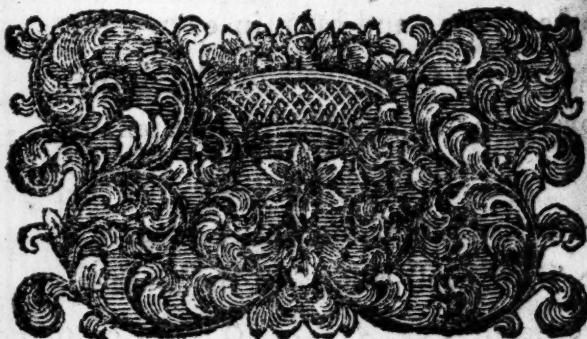
Nought can the Genius of his Works transcend,  
 But their fair Purpose and important End;  
 To rouse the War for Injur'd *Europe's* Laws,  
 To steel the Patriot in great *B R U N S W I C K*'s Cause;  
 With Virtue's Charms to kindle sacred Love,  
 Or paint th' Eternal Bow'rs of Bliss above.  
 Where hadst thou room, great Author! where, to roll  
 The mighty Theme of an Immortal Soul?  
 Thro' Paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were brought  
 Thy Proofs so strong for Immaterial Thought?  
 One let me join, all other may excel;  
 " How cou'd a Mortal Essence Think so well?

But why so large in the great Writer's Praise,  
More lofty Subjects shou'd my Numbers raise:  
In him (Illustrious Rivalry!) contend,  
The Statesman, Patriot, Christian, and the Friend!  
His Glory such, it borders on Disgrace,  
To say he sung the best of Human Race.

In Joy once join'd, in Sorrow now for Years,  
Partner in Grief, and Brother of my Tears.  
*TICKELL*, accept this Verse, thy mornful due,  
Thou farther shalt the sacred Theme pursue;  
And as thy Strain describes the matchless Man,  
Thy Life shall second what thy Muse began.  
Tho' sweet the Numbers, tho' a Fire Divine  
Dart thro' the whole, and burn in ev'ry Line;  
Who strives not for that Excellence he draws,  
Is stain'd by Fame, and suffers from Applause.

But haste to thy Illustrious Task; prepare  
The Noble Work well trusted to thy Care;  
The Gift bequeath'd by *ADDISON*'s Command,  
To *CRAIGGS* made sacred by his dying Hand.  
Collect the Labours, join the various Rays,  
The scatter'd Light, in one united Blaze;  
Then bear to him so true, so truly lov'd,  
In Life distinguish'd, and in Death approv'd,

Th' Immortal Legacy. He hangs a while  
In gen'rous Anguish o'er the glorious Pile:  
With anxious Pleasure the known Page reviews,  
And the dear Pledge with falling Tears bedews.  
What tho' thy Tears pour'd o'er thy God-like Friend,  
Thy other Cares for *Britain's* Weal suspend:  
Think not, O Patriot, while thy Eyes o'erflow,  
Those Cares suspended for a private Woe;  
Thy Love to him is to thy Country shown,  
He mourns for her, who mourns for *ADDISON*.



TO



TO A  
Young LADY:  
WITH THE  
Works of *Voiture.*

---

By Mr. POPE.

---

In these gay Thoughts the Loves and Graces  
shine,  
And all the Writer lives in ev'ry Line;  
His easy Art may happy Nature seem,  
Trifles themselves are elegant in him.  
Sure to charm all, with his peculiar Fate,  
Who, without Flatt'ry, pleas'd the Fair and Great;

Still with Esteem no less convers'd than read ;  
With Wit well-natur'd, and with Books well-bred ;  
His Heart his Mistress, and his Friend did share,  
His Time, the Muse, the Witty, and the Fair.  
Thus wisely careless, innocently gay,  
Chearful he play'd the Trifle, Life, away,  
Till Death scarce felt, did o'er his Pleasures creep,  
As smiling Infants sport themselves to sleep :  
Ev'n Rival-Wits did *Voiture's* Fate deplore,  
And the Gay mourn'd, who never mourn'd before ;  
The truest Hearts for *Voiture* heav'd with Sighs ;  
*Voiture* was wept by all the brightest Eyes ;  
The Smiles and Loves had dy'd in *Voiture's* Death,  
But that for ever in his Lines they breathe.

Let the strict Life of graver Mortals be  
A long, exact, and serious Comedy ;  
In ev'ry Scene some Moral let it teach,  
And, if it can, at once both please and preach :  
Let mine, like *Voiture's*, a gay Farce appear,  
And more diverting still than regular ;  
Have Humour, Wit, a Native Ease and Grace,  
Criticks in Wit, or Life, are hard to please,  
Few write to those, and none can live to these.

Too much *your Sex* is by their Forms confin'd,  
Severe to all, but most to Woman-kind :

Custom, grown blind with Age, must be your Guide,  
 Your Pleasure is a Vice, but not your Pride;  
 By Nature yielding, stubborn but for Fame;  
 Made Slaves by Honour, and made Fools by Shame.  
 Marriage may all those petty Tyrants chace,  
 But sets up one, a greater, in their Place.  
 Well might you wish for Change, by those accurst,  
 But the last Tyrant always proves the worst.  
 Still in Constraint your suff'ring Sex remains,  
 Or bound in formal, or in real Chains:  
 Whole Years neglected, for some Months ador'd,  
 The fawning Servant turns a haughty Lord.  
 Ah, quit not the free Innocence of Life!  
 For the dull Glory of a virtuous Wife!  
 Nor let false Shews, or empty Titles please,  
 Aim not at Joy, but rest content with Ease.

The Gods, to curse *Pamelia* with her Pray'rs,  
 Gave the gilt Coach and dappled *Flanders* Mares,  
 The shining Robes, rich Jewels, Beds of State,  
 And to compleat her Bliss, a Fool for Mate.  
 She glares in *Balls*, *Front-Boxes*, and the Ring,  
 A vain, unquiet, glitt'ring, wretched Thing!  
 Pride, Pomp, and State, but reach her outward Part,  
 She sighs, and is no Dutchesst at her Heart.

But, Madam, if the Fates withstand, and you  
 Are destin'd *Hymen's* willing Victim too;

Trust not too much your now resistless Charms,  
 Those, Age or Sickness, soon or late, disarms:  
*Good Humour* only teaches Charms to last,  
 Still makes new Conquests, and maintains the past:  
 Love, rais'd on Beauty, will, like that, decay,  
 Our Hearts may bear its slender Chain a Day;  
 As flow'ry Bands in Wantonness are worn,  
 A Morning's Pleasure, and at Ev'ning torn:  
 This binds in Ties more easy, yet more strong.  
 The willing Heart, and only holds it long.

Thus \* *Voiture's* early Care still shone the same,  
 And *Montanier* was only chang'd in Name.  
 By this, ev'n now they live, ev'n now they charm,  
 Their Wit still sparkling, and their Flames still warm.

Now crown'd with Myrtle on th' *Elysian Coast*,  
 Amidst these Lovers, joys his gentle Ghost,  
 Pleas'd while with Smiles his happy Lines you view,  
 And finds a fairer *Rambouillet* in you:  
 The brightest Eyes of *France* inspir'd his Muse,  
 The brightest Eyes of *Britain* now peruse.  
 And dead as living, 'tis our Author's Pride,  
 Still to charm those who charm the World beside.

---

\* *Mademoiselle Paulet,*

T H E



## T H E Vanity of Ambition.

**H**ERON, amongst his Travels found  
A broken Statue on the Ground ;  
And searching onward as he went,  
He traē'd a ruin'd Monument.

Mould, Moss, and Shades had over-grown  
The Sculpture of the crumbling Stone ;  
Yet e'er he past, with much ado,  
He guess'd and spell'd out *Sci-pi-o.*

“ Enough, he cry'd, I'll drudge no more  
“ In turning the dull Stoicks o'er :  
“ Let Pedants waste their Hours of Ease,  
“ To sweat all Night at *Socrates* ;

" And feed their Boys with Notes and Rules,  
 " Those tedious Recipe's of Schools  
 " To cure Ambition : I can learn  
 " With greater Ease, the great Concern.  
 " Of Mortals; how we may despise  
 " All the gay things below the Skies.

" Methinks a mould'ring Pyramid  
 Learns us all the old Sages said ;  
 For me these shatter'd Tombs contain  
 More Morals than the *Vatican*.  
 The Dust of Heroes cast abroad,  
 And kick'd and trampled in the Road ;  
 The Relicks of a lofty Mind  
 That lately Wars and Crowns design'd,  
 Toss for a Jest from Wind to Wind,  
 Bid me be humble, and forbear  
 Tall Monuments of Fame to rear,  
 They are but castles in the Air.  
 The tow'ring Height and frightful Falls,  
 The ruin'd Heaps and Funerals  
 Of smoaking Kingdoms and their KINGS,  
 Tell me a thousand mournful Things  
 In mournful Silence \_\_\_\_\_ .

\_\_\_\_\_ He

That living could not bear to see  
 An Equal, now lies torn and dead,  
 Here his pale Trunk, and there his Head;

" Great

" Great Pompey ! while I meditate  
 " With solemn Horror thy sad Fate,  
 " Thy Carcass scatter'd on the Shore  
 " Without a Name, instruct me more  
 " Than my whole Library before.

" Lie still my *Plutarch* then, and sleep,  
 " And my good *Seneca* may keep  
 " Your Volumes clos'd for ever too,  
 " I have no further Use for you :  
 " For when I find my Virtue fail,  
 " And my ambitious Thoughts prevail,  
 " I'll take a Turn among the Tombs,  
 " And see whereto all Glory comes ;  
 " There the vile Foot of ev'ry Clown  
 " Tramples a *Charles* or *Nassau* down ;  
 " Beggars with awful Ashes sport,  
 " And tread on *Cæsars* in the Dirt.





*VERSES Written near an Hundred Years ago, upon the sudden CONFINEMENT of the then EARL of SOMERSET, and his being out of Favour.*

**D**AZLED thus with Height of Place,  
Whilst our Hopes our Wits beguile,  
No Man marks the narrow Space  
'Twixt a Prison and a Smile.

Then since Fortune's Favours fade,  
You that in her Arms do sleep,  
Learn to swim and not to wade,  
For the Hearts of KINGS are deep.

But if Greatness be so blind,  
As to trust in Tow'rs of Air,  
Let it be with Goodness lin'd,  
That at least the Fall be fair.

Then tho' darkned you shall say,  
When Friends shall fail and Princes frown,  
*Vertue* is the roughest Way,  
But proves at Night a Bed of Down.



THE  
CHARACTER  
OF A  
Happy Life.

---

By the same Hand.

---



O W happy is he born and taught,  
That serveth not another's Will,  
Whose Armour is his honest Thought,  
And simple Truth his utmost Skill.

Whose Passions not his Masters are,  
Whose Soul is still prepar'd for Death;  
Unty'd unto the World by Care,  
Of publick Fame, or private Breath.

Who

Who envys none that Chance doth raise,  
Nor Vice hath ever understood ;  
How deepest Wounds are giv'n by Praise,  
Nor Rules of State, but Rules of Good.

Who hath his Life from Rumours freed,  
Whose Conscience is his strong Retreat ;  
Whose State can neither Flatt'lers feed,  
Nor Ruin make Oppressors great.

Who GOD doth late and early pray,  
More of his Grace, than Gifts to lend ;  
And entertains the harmless Day  
With a Religious Book, or Friend.

This Man is freed from servile Bands,  
Of Hope to rise, or Fear to fall ;  
Lord of himself, tho' not of Lands,  
And having Nothing, yet hath All.





## On a Bank as I sat Fishing.

### Description of the SPRING.

---

By the same Hand.

---

AND Now all Nature seem'd in Love,  
The lusty Sap began to move,  
New Juice did stir th' embracing Vines,  
And Birds had drawn their *Valentines*:  
The jealous Trout, that low did lie,  
Rose at a well-dissembled Fly:  
There stood my Friend, with patient Skill,  
Attending of his trembling Quill.  
Already were the Eves possest  
With the swift Pilgrim's daubed Nest:  
The Groves already did rejoice  
In *Philomel's* triumphing Voice.  
The Show'rs were short, the Weather mild,  
The Morning fresh, the Ev'ning smil'd.

JONE takes her neat-rub'd Pail, and now  
She trips to milk the Sand-red Cow;  
Where, for some sturdy Foot-ball Swain,  
JONE strokes a Sillabub or twain.

The Fields and Gardens were beset  
With Tulip, Crocus, Violet;  
And now, tho' late, the modest Rose  
Did more than half a Blush disclose.  
Thus all look'd gay, all full of cheer,  
To welcome the new-livery'd Year.



TO



T O

# S L E E P.

**C**OME gentle SLEEP, and as I lye,  
Oh! bid the Hours steal softly by;  
While in thy Still Pavilion laid,  
I think upon the charming Maid;  
Some Mimick-Dream on Fancy's Wing  
Light-pois'd, command such Joys to bring,  
Obedient to thy milder Sway,  
As Tyrant-Love denies by Day.

Come sweet Seducers, who restore  
Sad Exiles to their Native Shore;  
To his proud Hopes the Courtier raise,  
And crown the youthful Bard with Praise;  
Oh! come, and lavish all your Art,  
To paint the Mistress of my Heart;

But

But make the lovely Phantom kind,  
And bless, while you deceive my Mind.

Like *Aegypt's* Queen, her Charms display,  
And let me give the World away ;  
Or *Juno* like, let her be seen,  
(If *Juno's* be so bright a Mein)  
When smiling, soft with languid Eyes,  
Within the Chambers of the Skies,  
She fondly tempts to Nuptial Love  
The mighty Majesty of *Jove*.  
In the warm Blush of Virgin-Bloom,  
Conduct her to the Bridal-Room ;  
Ye Graces, there undress the Fair,  
Ye Graces, loose her gather'd Hair :  
O come, and while my ravish'd View  
This pleasing Shadow shall pursue,  
Let my Resemblance be convey'd,  
Indulgent to the Sleeping-Maid,  
That both our Actions may agree,  
Then shall the Charmer think on me.





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# TRANSLATION O F *H O R A C E S* Second Epode.

O W Rich is he, who free from Care,  
As the first happy Mortals were,  
His fat paternal Acres plows,  
No Mortgage, no Incumbrance knows?  
He shuns the Sea, the Camp, and Arms,  
Where Trumpets sound their shrill Alarms;  
He flies the noisy Bench and Court,  
And Levee, where gay Slaves resort;  
His only Care is, when to joyn  
The lofty Elm, and tender Vine;

Whilst

Whilst in the Vale beneath he views  
His wand'ring Sheep, and grazing Cows.  
Sometimes he prunes the useless Shoots,  
And grafts a Branch of better Fruits :  
Or cracks the Bees laborious Juice,  
Or Shears his bleating Lambs and Ewes.  
When Autumn's fruitful Month appears,  
He gathers in the melting Pears ;  
And purple Grapes, so red, so sweet,  
From Trees and Vines himself had set ;  
His Off'rings to Priapus yields,  
And Faunus, Guardian of his Fields.  
Sometimes he basks beneath the Shade,  
Or on the Grass supinely laid,  
Close by some Brook, or limpid Spring,  
Whilst all the wing'd Musicians sing :  
The Riv'lets murmur as they creep,  
And gently lull the Swain to sleep.  
Soon as the Storms and Cold draw near,  
And Jove inverts the frosty Year,  
He calls his Dogs, his Toils he lays,  
And gives the Savage Boar the Chace ;  
Or spreads his Nets around the Bush,  
To catch the poor deluded Thrush ;  
Courses the Hare along the Plain,  
And snares the noisy wand'ring Crane.  
Such Pleasures, and such Sports remove  
All Thoughts of Care, and Pains of Love :

But if a Race of prattling Boys,  
And gentle Spouse divide his Joys,  
Some Sabine Matron, hail and brown,  
Tann'd by the scorching Summer-Sun;  
She stirs the Fire, and makes it burn,  
Against her Husband's wish'd return;  
Or pens the Ewes that play and bleat,  
And drains the swelling, milky Teat.  
She, and her Spouse, and Children dine  
On windy Cale, and this Year's Wine.  
The *Lucrine* Oysters I disdain,  
And all the Dainties of the Main,  
Which, when the Eastern Tempests roar,  
Are wafted to the *Latian* Shore.  
I nor in *Turkey* take Delight,  
Nor long for *Partridge*, or for *Snipe*;  
My Board with luscious Olives spread,  
Or Sorrel from the verdant Mead,  
Or Mallows of salubrious Juice,  
That keep the temp'rate Body loose;  
Or tender Lampkin, sweet Repast,  
Which hungry Wolves in vain had chac'd.  
Or Kid with savoury Sallets dress'd,  
To crown some solemn *Sylvan* Feast.  
Whilst thus we fatten and carouze,  
How sweet the pleasing Prospect shows,  
Of Flocks returning in a Row,  
And Bullocks from the Yoke and Plow!

Whilst

Whilst all the little Troops of Swains  
Around the *Lares* sport and dance.  
Thus *Alfius* spake, resolv'd to try  
The Country's sweet Variety :  
He call'd his Money in, and then \_\_\_\_\_  
The Miser put it out agen.





To the Ingenious

Mr. M O O R E,

Author of the Celebrated

WORM-POWDER.

---

By Mr. POPE.

---



O W much, Egregious MOORE, are we,

Deceiv'd by Shows, and Forms?

Whate'er we think, whate'er we see;

All Human Race are Worms,

MAN is a very Worm by Birth,

Proud Reptile, vile and vain,

218 MISCELLANY POEMS.

A while he crawls upon the Earth,  
Then shrinks to Earth again.

The Learn'd themselves, we Book-Worms Name,  
The Blockhead, is a Slow-Worm;  
The Nymph, whose Tail is all on Flame,  
Is aptly term'd a Glow-Worm.

The Fops are painted Butter-Flies,  
That flutter for a Day;  
First from a Worm they took their Rise,  
Then in a Worm decay.

The Flatterer an Ear-wig grows,  
Some Worms suit all Conditions;  
Misers are Muck-Worms, Silk-Worms, Beans,  
And Death-Watches, Physicians.

That Statesmen have a Worm is seen,  
By all their winding Play;  
Their Conscience is a Worm within,  
That gnaws them Night and Day.  
  
Ah! MOORE! Thy Skill were well Employ'd,  
And greater Gain would rise,  
If thou couldst make the Courtier void.

The Worm that never dies.



O Learned

O Learned Friend of Ab-Church-Lane,

Who set'st our Entrails free,

Vain is thy Art, thy Powder's vain,

Since WORMS shall eat ev'n Thee.

Thou only canst our Fates adjourn,

Some few short Years, no more;

Ev'n BUTTON's Wits to WORMS shall turn,

Who Maggots were before.



Kz

W.O.



### *WOMAN'S AMBITION.*

**A**S Jove lay in Latona's Arms,  
 Drunk with the Nectar of her Charms,  
 Smiling, with Sense of Joy repaid,  
 Thus to the Beauteous Nymph he said,  
 My God-head I would freely give,  
 Encircled in these Arms to live,  
 And gladly lose immortal Clear,  
 To revel in such Pleasures here ;  
 Renounce my Sun-shine, and my Skies  
 For those, far brighter Orbs, thy Eyes ;  
 Gladly would I my Pow'r resign ;  
 Nor at my Loss of Heav'n repine,  
 A better Heav'n is in one Kiss,  
 And in thy Arms more solid Bliss.

She pleas'd, reply'd, Immortal Jove,  
 I ask not such a Proof of Love ;  
 Wish not, what soon, you may repent,  
 For me, my Wish has this Extent ;  
 Let but your Passion never cease,  
 And may my Charms still more increase,  
 So in your Heav'n be my Abode,  
 And I be Mistress of a God.

TRAN.



# Translation of HORACE,

## BOOK I. Ode 2.

S E E K not to know, what fated End  
The GODS for you or me intend;  
Nor lend to Magick Arts an Ear,  
But still against the worst prepare.

With Unconcern let Life glide on,  
'Tis full of Toil, and quickly done.  
See, Winter rages on the Sea,  
And 'tis perhaps the last you'll see.  
Be wise, enjoy the present Hour,  
Brisk Wine from smiling Goblets pour:  
Improve the Moments whilst they last,  
And snatch the Hours that fly so fast;  
To Day, let Hope prevent Despair,  
To Morrow is not worth your Care.



# EPITAPH.

By MR. POPE.

*Near this Place lie the Bodies of JOHN HEWETT  
and MARY DREW, an industrious young  
Man, and virtuous Maiden of this \* Parish, who  
being at Harvest-Work (with several others) were  
in one Instant kill'd by Lightning, the last Day  
of July, 1718.*

**T**Hink not by rig'rous Judgment seiz'd,

A Pair so faithful could expire;

Victims so pure, Heav'n saw well pleas'd,

And snatch'd them in Cœlestial Fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden Fate,

When G O D calls Virtue to the Grave,

Alike 'tis Justice, soon or late,

Mercy alike, to kill or save.

Virtue unmov'd, can bear the Call,

And face the Flash, that melts the Ball.

\* Stanton-Harcourt, in Oxfordshire.



# Young LADY's

Being disappointed by a

## Scotch LORD.

Young Celadon has all the Charms  
That can engage the Fair,  
A Tongue that ev'ry Heart disarms,  
A soft bewitching Air.

But see what Fate attends a Drone!

He loses what he takes;  
And when the Fortress is his own,  
His Victory forsakes.

## II.

At her Expense this fatal Truth,

Melissa late did prove,

Neither her Beauty, nor her Youth

Could long secure his Love;

The lavish Hero first too fast,

(So vain was his Ambition)

That when three poor Attacks were past,

He wanted Ammunition.

## III.

Were it Inconstancy alone,

Art might the Youth reclaim;

But when Love's vital Oyl is gone,

What can revive the Flame?

Ye Gods, by whom my Hopes are curst,

Once grant me what I pray,

Give Celadon less Heat at first,

Or better Funds to Pay.

S O N G .

## SONG.

S<sup>t</sup>rephon retiring to a Shade,  
To heal his Love-sick Mind;  
By chance lit on a beauteous Maid,  
Young, Generous, and Kind.  
  
With freest Talk, and eas'y Play,  
She entertain'd the Swain,  
His Grief before her melts away,  
Her Words dissolve his Pain.  
  
He look'd, and sigh'd, and blefs'd the Fair,  
But hop'd not to receive yon stately Offer; for  
She smil'd, and talk'd, and prais'd his Air,  
But was too Coy to give.  
  
At length the Youth in Accents mild,  
Faintly desir'd the Bliss,  
She trembling on the Shepherd, smil'd,  
And frankly answer'd, Yes.



LOVE and WAR. A Parallel.

**N**O W Love and War the self-same Art are grown,  
Men take a Mistress as they take a Town  
First then consider, e'er you break the Ground,  
How strong she is, how many Thousand — Pound?  
Then from your Lines of Circ. and Convallation,  
Open your Trenches, and declare your Passion:  
Make your Approaches to your wish'd for Spouse,  
Bomb her with Oaths, and batter her with Vows;  
With Secrecy let all your Trains be laid,  
And undermine her with her waiting Maid.  
Now carry on your warm Approaches nigh'r,  
For you make all the Elements conspire,  
Melt her with Water, who resists your Fire,  
Make false Attacks with pleasing useful Lies,  
With Kisses Storm, and blow her up with Sighs.  
Enter the lovely Fort you've bravely won,  
She'll faintly Quarter cry, allow her none.



SONG.

SONG.

I.

Lately vow'd, but 'twas in hast,  
That I no more would court  
The Joys, which seem when they are past,  
As dull as they are short.

II.

I oft, to hate my Mistress, swear,  
But soon my Weakness find;  
I make my Oaths, when she's revere,  
And break 'em, when she's kind.

I am.

Who ne'er her Master saw, but more  
Than twice peries an hour's space,  
Avoid the Curse of pride and  
The Praise and Honour of the great;

TRAN



# TRANSLATION

## O F H O R A C E,

### BOOK II. Ode 10.



THIS best the middle Way to keep,  
And not decline to either Hand,  
Nor launch too far into the Deep,  
Nor steer your Course too near the Land.

Who neither wants nor wishes more,  
Than what befits an even State,  
Avoids the Curse of being Poor,  
The Plague and Torments of the Great.

## MISCELLANY POEMS. 229

On the tall Pine, and stately Tow'r,  
Its Force the raging Tempest spends ;  
When Lightnings play, and Thunders roar,  
The highest Mountain soonest bends.

The Man, who arms his steady Breast,  
To stand unmov'd the worst of Ills,  
When Fortune frowns, still hopes the best,  
And fears the worst, whene'er she finiles.

The Pow'rs above the Seasons guide,  
Tho' now it rains, 'twill quickly shine,  
*Apollo* lays his Arms aside,  
And tunes his Harp to Lays Divine.

When Clouds grow thick, be bravely wise,  
With Patience guide your constant Mind ;  
But if a merry Gale arise,  
Contract your Sails, nor trust the Wind.

AN



AN

Of the Hall Bells, and Jingley Town,



O D E  
FOR THE  
Prince's Birth-Day.

With joyful sound may be displayed

With pleasure every heart will confess

By Mr. WELSTED.



HEN Churchill, on Onarda's Plain,  
The Pow'rs of Europe led ;  
When Slaughter stalk'd on Heaps of Slain,  
And Virtue greatly bled :

## II.

'Twas then the blooming Prince, ordain'd  
By Fate, to BRITAIN'S Throne,

In

## MISCELLANY POEMS. 231

In Arms immortal, Honour gain'd,  
And won the Victor's Crown.

### III.

His glitt'ring Steel he shook, and vow'd  
By Carolina's Eyes,  
To stain it in his Rival's Blood;  
And gain the destin'd Prize,

### IV.

BRITONS, assert your Country's Cause!  
The youthful Warrior cry'd;  
You fight for Freedom and for Laws;  
For those your Fathers dy'd.

### V.

Then rushing on, in Crowds of Foes,  
Thro' Tracts of Death he ran;  
His Courage with his Danger grows,  
Hero, as soon as Man.

### VI.

Whilst he each dreadful Scene review'd,  
His Rival hid his Head;

Whilst

Whilst he with graceful Wrath purs'd,  
The pale Impostor fled.

## VII.

Behold Britannia's promis'd Heir!

Behold him cover'd o'er  
With all the glorious Dust of War;  
And stain'd with comely Gore!

## VIII.

While Martial Sounds his Ear delight,

And rouse him as they swell,  
Amidst the Fury of the Fight  
His wounded Courser fell.

## IX.

In that distress'd and dubious Hour,

All cover'd with Despair,  
Alarm'd was England's Guardian Pow'r,  
And say'd his Royal Care.

## X.

Victorious Youth to Greatness born!

The smiling Genius said;

Oh! Fated Empire to adorn,  
And ALBION's Fame to spread!

## XI.

Thy shining Vertues to reward,

And bless a Martial Land,

A Diadem thy Brow shall guard,

A Sceptre grace thy Hand.

M

## XII.

Let the glad Day, which gave thee Light,

The Symphonies prolong;

While Poets thy great Deeds recite,

And OUDENARD's thy Song.

## C H O R U S

To Harmony, and Fame, that Day

Shall ever Sacred be;

And ev'ry Muse devote a Lay

To Oudenard and Thee.

H

A N



## SONG.

**M**artylo, am'rous, young and gay,  
The beauteous *Flavia* lov'd,  
And sighing at her Feet he lay,  
Till Sighs her Pity mov'd.

My Fair, he cry'd, your Lover dies,  
If you refuse your Charms;  
Die when you please, the Nymph replies,  
But die in *Flavia's* Arms.



## THE COMPLAINT.

**H**appy those Swains in Days of Yore,  
When ev'ry Nymph went loosely drest;  
When only Skins hung lightly o'er,  
Or some such easy Garb they wore,  
Which never did Love's Joy molest.

W.M.

But

But such a Dress, degen'rate We  
Can never but in Pictures see ;  
For ev'ry Nymph wears now a-days,  
So many Petticoats and Pins,  
Girdles, and other such Delays,  
The *Pleasure*, while the *Lover* stays  
Is vanish'd, e'er the Sport begins.

EHT

# Pisces The Fishes



A black plumed weapon Bell mounted on Flanders  
An Elizabethan's Barding by Hester Southwell  
She being espouse of a Peasant as a Peasant  
Heb much nigher beforee his selfe  
HCO E. a Country Vicar's Daughter



T H E  
Parson's Daughter:  
A  
T A L E.

---

*Facilius discensus Averni  
Sed revocare Gradus  
Hoc Opus, hic Labor est. Virg.*

---



*HLOE, a Country Vicar's Daughter,  
Had many useful Lessons taught her,  
She read the Chapters ev'ry Day,  
And David's Psalms by Heart could say;  
Would hurry when Bell rung to Pray'r,  
Ready to break her Neck down Stairs;*

Nor

Nor would be absent from *Confession*,  
At any Mortal's Intercession; Was caution'd never to be idle,  
But either Read, or use her *Needle*.  
Thus was she often told her *Duty*,  
(The old Man knowing her a *Beauty*,  
With little Money, which the more  
Expos'd her to become a *Whore*).  
No Pains were spar'd to make her good,  
But, ah! how frail is *Flesh and Blood*,  
When to the wide *World* left alone,  
No Will to follow, but its own?

For tho' she promis'd very fair,  
While underneath her *Father's Care*,  
Yet she, as soon as *Dad was Dead*,  
Grew weary of her *Maidenhead*.  
Resolving strait to be a *Bride*,  
And taste of *Pleasures* yet untry'd;  
But still intends to guard her *Honour*,  
Whatever Longings were upon her;  
Having been taught, that *Fornication*  
Is a great Sin, tho' much in *Fashion*.  
With this Design, to Town she came,  
Where wicked *Nelly* heard her Fame;  
*Nelly!* of all her Sex the worst,  
*Nelly!* by Hundreds daily curst,  
Whom she by *Artifice* had won,  
To sell themselves and be undone.

But e'er we any further go,  
 'Tis fit the Character to show.

A Bawd she is of great Renown,  
 Well known to ev'ry Rake in Town;  
 All Batchelors that use her House,  
 May have each Night a diff'rent Spouse,  
 Without th' intolerable Fetter,  
 Of being link'd for Worse and Better;  
 No married Man, but there may find  
 Variety, when so inclin'd.

She has a Ruby shining Face,  
 Which some may think th' Effect of Grace;  
 For she can counterfeit Devotion,  
 And of Religion has this Notion,  
 That doubtless That must be the best,  
 Which with most Ease will make her blest;  
 That where Indulgences are giv'n,  
 Is sure the nearest Way to Heav'n.

Oh! happy those, who in a Trice,  
 Thus free themselves of ev'ry Vice; For with Delight such  
 Can Sin afresh, and run on score; And the more  
 And reckon for what's past no more.  
 With Origen they hope Salvation,  
 Believing there is no Damnation.

But

But Whores and Rogues, and Bawds shall be  
Blessed to all Eternity.  
Small Need of any Pains and Care,  
Of Watching, Fasting, daily Pray'r;  
If ev'ry Sinner, spight of Fate,  
Must enter at the narrow Gate.

And tho' because her Deeds are Evil,  
She chuses Darkness like a Devil,  
Yet will she light her little *Sodom*,  
On Tenth of June, from Top to Bottom,  
Wishing to see the Dissolution  
Of all our Laws and Constitution;  
For if this Government should cease,  
She might be sure to Bawd in Peace;

She could prove Pimping was no Shame,  
For *S-----b* pimp'd for *A-----m*:  
That Incest is a trivial Matter,  
Since pious *L---t* careß'd his Daughter;  
That Whoring is a lawful Trade,  
Since ev'ry Thing for use is made,  
And that it can be no Abuse,  
To put Things to their proper Use.

With Chloe soon she got acquainted,  
And all her former Virtues tainted;

Taking Advantage of her Want,  
She often to her thus would cant;  
What, tho' all such as cannot tarry,  
Rather than burn are bid to marry;  
Yet if none tasted Love's Delight,  
But those who lawfully come by't;  
Many a Girl might burn to Tinder,  
Before she'd meet a Man would mind her,  
If she'd be nothing but a Wife,  
To have, and hold, during her Life.  
It seems but Reason good, therefore,  
Rather than Burn, to play the Whore?  
This Talent, to Our Sex, kind Heav'n,  
To be made use of, sure has giv'n.  
Ought not those Ladies then to boast,  
That have improved it the most?  
Not like a Nun shut up in Abby,  
Their Talents in a Napkin lay by;  
For, doubtless, to conceal one's Light,  
Under a Bushel, is not right.  
Then, as St. Paul says, (mind the Letter)  
Those who don't marry, *Do what's Better*;  
Which plainly must some Act imply,  
I see no Reason to deny.  
The Action you will guess with Ease,  
"Tis in your Pow'r whene'er you please.

Then

Then prithee, *Chloe*, be advis'd,  
Good Offers should not be despis'd;  
A present Settlement accept,  
And where's the Harm of being kept?  
That *Norwich Crape*, and humble Pattin,  
You'll change for Coach, and Gown of Sattin,  
Flounc'd Petticoats, with Heads of *Mechlin*,  
Fine Fans, a Watch, and other Tackling.  
Ah! why should so Divine a Creature,  
Neglect the choicest Gift of Nature?

Too easy *Chloe* quickly proves,  
Perswaded to the Thing she loves ;  
Thought all was Reason *Nelly* said,  
And Folly still to live a Maid ;  
When she might purchase Wealth and Pleasure,  
By parting with an useless Treasure ;  
She soon forgets to say her Pray'rs,  
And learns to practice Coquet Airs ;  
Hates Sermons, which in former Days  
She lov'd as Prudes do Bawdy-Plays ;  
Left off the reading heavy Chapters,  
And only relish'd melting Raptures,  
Such as she met with in Romances,  
Where dying Lovers fall in Trances :  
And now upon her Toilet's seen,  
*A Rochester*, and *Aretine* ;

The Work of Ovid's am'rous Pen,  
She reads, admires, and reads again,  
Thinking it would more useful prove,  
To study his soft *Art of Love*,  
Than what dull Patriarchs us'd to do  
Three or four thousand Years ago.

The gilded Prospect gay appears,  
And seems to promise happy Years;  
A thousand Pleasures fill her Mind,  
Nor sees she Want and Shame behind;  
Considers not with how much Haste,  
Her youth and blooming Beauty waste,  
That when the Date of Charms is out,  
The Wheel of Fortune turns about;  
And those who were at first but Poor,  
Leaves often lower than before;  
Which she at last experienc'd true,  
Her happy Days, alas! were few,  
Grown pale and thin, with hollow Eyes,  
No more her faded Charms entice;  
She in her Summer took no Care  
For Age and Wrinkles to prepare;  
Therefore when drop'd by keeping Cullies,  
Became a Prey to needy Bullies;  
And now in Allies, Centry stands,  
To get her Living with her Hands;

She lays on Paint as thick as Butter,  
To hide in either Cheek a Gutter,  
Which pinching Poverty and Care,  
Poxes and Time have fixed there.

She that, when Young, would blush to hear  
A Word unfit for Maiden-Ear,  
Will now talk Bawdy with the best,  
And fancy ev'ry Oath a Jest ;  
She that was once as just as any,  
Now picks a Pocket for a Peny ;  
And then, to silence sharp Remorse,  
For what is past, or fear of Worse,  
She finds a Way that's most effectual,  
And drowns her Senses intellectual.

## MORAL.

FROM hence let Females learn to shun  
Those Wiles which *Chloe* have undone ;  
Not to be fool'd by promis'd Bliss,  
Or fancy'd Joys, and Happiness ;  
Sin is but slightly varnish'd o'er ;  
Strive to be virtuous, tho' poor ;

For such a Wonder's rarely known,  
As a lewd Woman honest grown.

So when a River's rapid Course  
O'erflows its Banks with rapid Force,  
Then all Endeavours are in vain,  
To turn it to its Bounds again.



TO



TO

Mrs. - - - - - ,

ON HER  
GROTTO.



GROTTO so complete, with such Design,  
What Hands, *Calypso*, could have form'd  
but thine?  
Each chequer'd Pebble, and each shining

Shell

So well proportion'd, and dispos'd so well,  
Surprizing Lustre from thy Thoughts receive,  
Assuming Beauties more than Nature gave.

To her their various Shapes, and glossy Hue,  
Their curious Symmetry they owe to You.  
Not fam'd *Amphion's* Lute, whose pow'rful Call  
Made willing Stones dance to the *Theban* Wall,  
In more harmonious Ranks could make them fall.  
Not Ev'ning Cloud a brighter Arch can shew,  
Nor richer Colours paint the heav'nly Bow.

Where can unpolish'd Nature boast a Piece,  
In all her Mossy Cells exact as this?  
At the gay party-colour'd Scene we start,  
For Chance too regular, too rude for Art.

Charm'd with the Sight, my ravish'd Breast is fir'd,  
With Hints like those which ancient Bards inspir'd;  
All the feign'd Tales by Superstition told,  
All the bright Train of fabled Nymphs of old,  
Th' enthusiastick Muse believes are true,  
Thinks the Spot sacred, and its Genius you.  
Lost in wild Rapture, would she fain disclose,  
How by Degrees the pleasing Wonder rose;  
Industrious in a faithful Verse to trace,  
The various Beauties of the lovely Place:  
And while she keeps the glowing work in view,  
Thro' ev'ry Maze thy artful Hand pursue.

Oh!

Oh! were I equal to the bold Design,  
Or could I boast such happy Art as Thine!  
That could rude Shells in such sweet Order place,  
Give common Objects such uncommon Grace!  
Like them my well-chose Words in ev'ry Line,  
As sweetly temper'd, should as sweetly shine,  
So just a Fancy should my Numbers warm,  
Like the gay Piece should the Description charm.  
Then with superior Strength my Voice I'd raise,  
The echoing G R O T T O should approve my Lays,  
Pleas'd to reflect the well-sung Founder's Praife.





# Translation of *Horace*,

## BOOK I. Ode 4.

**H**E Winter melts away, the Spring takes  
place,  
Warm Winds the Icy Streams release;  
And Ships revisit the neglected Seas.

The Cattle range afar, from Stals let lose;  
No more the Hearth with Ashes glows,  
And snowy Meads their hoary Fleeces lose.

*Venus* in Pairs now calls again  
Her Nymphs and Graces, lovely Train,  
To dance by Moon-shine on the verdant Plain;

There Hand in Hand they ply their nimble Feet:  
Whilst *Vulcan* and his *Cyclops* sweat,  
And with loud Strokes their massy Anvils beat.

Now is the proper Time to deck the Head,  
And Myrtle round the Temple spread,  
Or Flow'r's new springing from the teaming Bed.

Now is the Time, the Swains have so decreed,  
A bleating Lamb or tender Kid  
To Faunus in the sacred Grove must bleed.

Intruding Death, with equal Freedom greets  
The low-built Hutt, and stately Gates  
Of lofty Palaces and Royal Seats.

Be wise, O *Sextius*! to prolong forbear,  
Since Life is short, thy Hopes and Care:  
The fabled Shades and gloomy State draw near.

Thou must e'er long, without Redemption go  
To *Pluto*'s dusky Realm below;  
Thy Revels and thy drunken Joys forego.

Then *Lycidas* no longer shall be thine,  
Whose Charms our Sex at present win,  
For whom a thousand Virgins soon shall pine.





# Clarinda's Complaint

In the Time of the late W A R.



I T H Sighing, and Wishing, and Green-Sickness Diet,

With nothing of Pleasure, and little of Quiet,

With a Grannum's Inspection, and Doctor's Direction,  
But not the Specifick that suits my Complexion,  
The Flow'r of my Age is full-blown in my Face,  
Yet no Man considers my comfortless Case.

## II.

Young Women were valued, as I have been told,  
In the late Times of Peace, above Mountains of Gold;  
But now there is Fighting, there's nothing but Slighting,  
Few Gallants in Conjugal Matters delighting:

MISCELLANY POEMS. 25

'Tis a shame that Mankind should love killing and slaying,  
And mind not to supply the Stock that's decaying.

III.

Unlucky Clarinda, to live in a Season,  
When Mars has forgotten to do Venus Reason:  
Had I any Hand in Rule or Command,  
I'd certainly make it a Law of the Land,  
That killers of Men, to replenish the Store,  
Be bound up to Wedlock, and made to get more.

IV.

Enacted moreover for better Dispatch,  
That where a good Captain meets with an o'er-Match,  
His honest Lieutenant, with Soldier-like Grace,  
Shall relieve him on Duty, and serve in his Place,  
Thus Killers and Slayers of able good Men,  
Without Beat of Drum may recruit 'em again.



SONG



## SONG.

**C**ynthia with resistless Power,  
O'er ev'ry Heart extends her Sway;  
Did the Eastern Nations know her,  
They'd not adore the God of Day:  
Night on her Sable Temples lies,  
Whilst Morning breaks from her bright Eyes.

## II.

When she dances, all the Graces  
With her Motions charm'd, rejoice;  
When she sings, she doubly pleases,  
With her Angelick Form and Voice:  
Her Musick does the Soul Sublime,  
Whilst ev'ry throbbing Heart beats Time.



THE



# THE Royal Progress.

**W**HEN BRUNSWICK first appear'd, each  
honest Heart,  
Intent on Verse, disdain'd the Rules of  
Art;

For him the Songsters, in unmeasur'd Odes,  
Debas'd *Alcides*, and dethron'd the Gods:  
In golden Chains the Kings of *India* led,  
Or rent the Turbant from the *Sultan's* Head.

One, in old Fables, and the *Pagan* Strain,  
With *Nymphs* and *Trytons*, wafts him o'er the Main;  
Another draws fierce *Lucifer* in Arms,  
And fills th' infernal Region with Alarms;  
A Third awakes some *Druid*, to foretel  
Each future Triumph, from his dreary Cell.

## 254 MISCELLANY POEMS.

Exploded Fancies! that in vain deceive,  
While the Mind nauseats what she can't believe.  
My Muse th' expected Hero shall pursue,  
From Clime to Clime, and keep him still in View:  
His shining March describe in faithful Lays,  
Content to paint him, nor presume to praise;  
Their Charms, if Charms they have, the Truth supplies,  
And from the Theme unlabour'd Beauties rise.

By longing Nations for the Throne design'd,  
And call'd to guard the Rights of Human-kind;  
With secret Grief his God-like Soul repines,  
And *Britain's* Crown with joyless Lustre shines,  
While Pray'r's and Tears his destin'd Progress stay,  
And Crouds of Mourners choak their Sov'reign's Way.  
Not so he march'd, when hostile Squadrons stood,  
In Scenes of Death, and fir'd his gen'rous Blood,  
When his hot Courser paw'd the *Hungarian* Plain,  
And adverse Legions stood the Shock in vain.  
His Frontiers past, the *Belgian* Bounds he views,  
And cross the level Fields his March pursues.  
Here pleas'd, the Land of Freedom to survey,  
He greatly scorns the Thirst of boundless Sway:  
O'er the thin Soil, with silent Joy he spies  
Transplanted Woods, and borrow'd Verdure rise,  
Where ev'ry Meadow won with Toil and Blood,  
From haughty Tyrants, and the raging Flood,

With

With Fruits and Flow'rs the careful Hind supplies,  
And cloaths the Marshes in a rich Disguise :  
Such Wealth for frugal Hands doth Heav'n decree,  
And such thy Gifts, celestial Liberty !

Thro' stately Towns, and many a fertile Plain,  
The Pomp advances, to the Neigh'b'ring Main,  
Whole Nations crowd around with joyful Cries,  
And view the Hero with insatiate Eyes.

In *Haga's* Tow'r's he waits, till Eastern Gales  
Propitious rise to swell the *British* Sails ;  
Hither the Fame of *England's* Monarch brings  
The Vows and Friendships of the neigh'b'ring Kings ;  
Mature in Wisdom, his extensive Mind  
Surveys the blended Int'rests qf Mankind,  
The World's great Patriot. Calm thy anxious Breast,  
Secure in him, O *Europe*, take thy Rest ;  
Henceforth thy Kingdoms shall remain confin'd  
By Rocks or Streams, the Mounds which Heav'n design'd ;  
The *Alps* their new-made Monarch shall restrain,  
Nor shall thy Hills, *Pirene*, rise in vain.

But see ! to *Briton's* Isle the Squadrons stand,  
And leave the sinking Tow'r's, and less'ning Land ;  
The Royal Bark bounds o'er the rowling Plain,  
Breaks thro' the Billows, and divides the Main :  
O'er the vast Deep, great Monarch, dart thine Eyes,  
A watry Prospect bounded by the Skies :

Ten Thousand Vessels from Ten Thousand Shores,  
 Bring Gums and Gold, and either *India's* Stores :  
 Behold the Tributes hast'ning to thy Throne,  
 And see the wide Horizon all thy own.

Now Land appears, and now the cheerful Crew  
 Hail *Albion's* Cliffs, just whit'ning to the View ;  
 Before the Wind with swelling Sails they ride,  
 Till *Thames* receives them in his op'ning Tide.  
 For thee the East breath'd out a prosp'rous Breeze,  
 Bright were the Suns, and kindly swell'd their Seas.  
 Thy Presence did each doubtful Heart compose,  
 And Factions wonder'd that they once were Foes ;  
 That joyful Day they lost each Hostile Name,  
 Their ravish'd Hearts, their Looks, their Voice the same.

So two fair Twins, whose Features were design'd  
 At one soft Moment in the Mother's Mind,  
 Shew each the other with reflected Grace,  
 And the same Beauties bloom in either Face ;  
 The puzzled Strangers which is which enquire ;  
 Delusion grateful to the smiling Sire !

From that fair \* Hill, where hoary Sages boast,  
 To name the Stars, and count the heav'nly Host,

With the next Dawn see great *Augusta* rise,  
Proud Town! whose gilded Spires attempt the Skies :  
O'er *Thames* her thousand Spires their Lustre shed,  
And a vast Navy hides his ample Bed,  
A floating Forest. From the distant Strand,  
A Line of golden Cars strikes o'er the Land :  
*Britannia's* Peers, in Pomp and rich Array,  
Before their KING, triumphant, lead the Way ;  
Far as the Eye can reach, the gawdy Train,  
A bright Procession, shines along the Plain.

So haply thro' the Heav'n's wide pathless Ways,  
A Comet draws a long extended Blaze ;  
From East to West burns thro' th' ethereal Flame,  
And half Heav'n's Convex glitters thro' the Flame.

Now to the Regal Tow'r's securely brought,  
He plans *Britannia's* Glories in his Thought ;  
Resumes the delegated Pow'r he gave,  
Rewards the Faithful, and restores the Brave.  
Whom shall the Muse from out the shining Throng  
Select, to heighten and adorn her Song ?  
Thee, *Halifax* : To thy capacious Mind,  
O Man approv'd, is *Britain's* Wealth consign'd ;  
Her Coin, (while *Nassau* fought) debas'd and rude,  
By thee in Beauty and in Truth renew'd ;  
An arduous Work ! Again thy Charge we see,  
And thy own Care once more returns to thee.

Oh!

O! form'd in ev'ry Scene to awe and please,  
Mix Wit with Pomp, and Dignity with Ease;  
Tho' call'd to shine aloft, thou wilt not scorn  
To smile on Arts thy self did once adorn:  
For this thy Name succeeding Times shall praise,  
And envy less thy Garter, than thy Bays.

The Muse, if fir'd, with thy enliv'ning Beams,  
Perhaps shall aim at more exalted Themes,  
Record our Monarch in a nobler Strain,  
And sing the op'ning Wonders of his Reign;  
Bright CAROLINA's heav'nly Beauties trace,  
Her valiant Consort, and his blooming Race.  
A Train of Kings their fruitful Love supplies,  
A glorious Scene to Albion's ravish'd Eyes;  
Who sees by Brunswick's Hand her Sceptre sway'd,  
And thro' his Line from Age to Age convey'd.





*To a handsome young LADY, much given to  
Reading.*

WHY does my Fair so pensive look,  
And pore upon that godly Book,  
Or when her wishing Lover sighs,  
Repay his Warmth with up-cast Eyes ?  
Those holy Looks ne'er yet became  
So bright, so beautiful a Dame ;  
They better suit a furrow'd Brow,  
Where haggar'd AGE has drove her Plow :  
Reserve your godly Sighs and Pray'rs,  
Till Rheum shall counterfeit your Tears ;  
Trust me, that Eye and heaving Breast  
Will make us think you're but in Jest.



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 Tears of *Thyrsis* :  
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HE rising Moon in Silver glow'd,  
 And Softness siml'd on ev'ry Cloud,  
 When, round the Church, young *Thyrsis*  
 stray'd,

And thus his Lamentation made.

I'll wander round each secret Glade,  
 And mourn in ev'ry darksome Shade,  
 Till all the Grottos and the Grove,  
 Shall sound aloud disast'rous Love.

The

The charming Beauty I admir'd,  
Whose brilliant Eyes my Love inspir'd,  
Lies silent now, all Cold and Pale,  
And Horror fills the flow'ry Vale.

The flow'ry Green where *Cupid's* play'd,  
And all the softer Graces stray'd,  
Where beauteous Nymphs in Consort mov'd,  
With neighb'rинг Swains they dearly lov'd.

That Green has lost its gay Attire,  
No blooming Nymph, no tuneful Choir,  
But rising Mists the Vale o'er-spread,  
And Lillies bend their drooping Head.

The Bow'r of Beauty now is still,  
The Birds amaz'd forget to trill,  
But move the Veil from *Lucia's* Eyes,  
And their sweet Notes shall pierce the Skies.

But ah, alas! the envious Gloom  
Still hovers round her silent Tomb;  
She's laid to Rest, the Curtain's drawn,  
And lasting Night expects no Dawn.

Farewel thou Darling of my Heart,  
Fate has decreed that we should part,

For thy dear sake I'll weep and mourn,  
Or watch in Silence near thy Urn.

When Mortals bathe their Limbs in Sleep,  
Upon thy Grave I'll Vigils keep,  
Then sigh to think, could'st thou but rise,  
What Joy would sparkle in my Eyes.

What Transports then would warm my Breast,  
Tho' now so dismal and distrest,  
One Glance of thine would cure my Woe,  
And make large Tides of Raptures flow.

But thou'ret detain'd in Icy Chains,  
Death's cruel Hand has chill'd thy Veins;  
I never more must hear thy Voice,  
At that dear Sound no more rejoice.

Ev'n now, when *Cynthia*'s chequer'd Beams,  
With silver Paint adorn the Streams,  
With paler Beauties shade the Woods,  
And dance upon the Chrystal Floods,

No cheerful Ray can reach thy Face,  
Or Beauty gild the darksome Place,  
Where *Lucia* lies in Shades below,  
Nor once regards her Lover's Woe,

But could my *Lucia* view my Tears,  
Did my loud Sighs once reach her Ears,  
The tender Maid in haste would rise,  
With her soft Hand to wipe my Eyes.

I'll deck thy Tomb with ev'ry Flow'r,  
And turn it to a pleasant Bow'r,  
The spotless Rose shall crown the rest,  
And shine as once on *Lucia's* Breast.

Attend some Angel, as she lies,  
With silken Charms to shade her Eyes,  
Soft be her Slumbers, sweet her Dreams,  
Of lulling Joys, and blissful Themes.

When in the purling Stream I look,  
With Tears I fwell the bubbling Brook;  
Sigh to the Musick of the Wood,  
And murmur to the rolling Flood.

And now, deluding World farewell,  
I'll hide me in some lonely Cell,  
Still, and retir'd as *Lucia's* Grave,  
And solemn as the Hermit's Cave.

Or rather, Sexton, take thy Spade,  
And let my Grave be quickly made,

Virgins, attend all drest in White,  
And bury me at Noon of Night.

When no kind Star the Darkness gilds,  
Nor tracks of Light shoot cross the Fields;  
Only the Fun'ral Torches blaze,  
To mix with Death's malignant Rays.

Fond *Thyrsis* then will cease to weep,  
No more shall lonely Vigils keep,  
No more shall mark the Midnight's Sky,  
No more shall Love, no more shall Die.



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The END of the SECOND VOLUME.